

San Francisco, 12 April: 1900

THE PACIFIC

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Volume XLIX

Number 15

The Fourfold Birth of Christ.

BY H. N. KINNEY.

SON of God, ere Son of Man;
Word and Will, ere Time began;
Lamb before Creation slain;
Born but to be born again!

Son of Man by second birth;
For our sins, a child of earth,
In His own appointed day
Jesus in the Manger lay.

Once more Jesus Christ was born—
On the Resurrection Morn—
Out of death to rise and reign
In His heavenly home again.

God in Man! Thy Births are three!—
Four—when Thou art born in me!—
To my soul Thy Spirit send!
On my heart in love descend!

Claremont, Cal.

THE PACIFIC

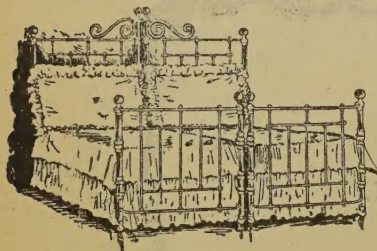
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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, 12 April: 1900

Doubt Him Not.

"Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather
Doubt him not!
Always hath the daylight broken—
Always hath he comfort spoken;
Better hath he been for years,
Than thy fears."

God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

Fifty years ago last September a young Congregational home missionary sat as an interested spectator in the hall in Monterey in which the delegates to the California Constitutional Convention had assembled. It was the Rev. S. H. Willey, who had landed there a few months previous to that time, one of the first Protestant missionaries to come to California. It was decided that the convention should be opened with prayer and Mr. Willey was called to lead in that service. Last Monday, after more than half a century had passed, he told in the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity of that event, and of certain others which in the providence of God led to the admission of California into the Union as a free State. Beginning with the interregnum, that period when California was without any defined system of government, because of the failure of Congress to extend to her the territorial laws, he traced the hand of God in her admission without the blight of slavery, and the part she played in those events which led finally to the extinction of that monster iniquity in America. It was a beautiful day in Monterey, said Dr. Willey. The morning fog had fled before the advance of the sun; the sound of the surf on the shores of the bay came up over the little town as usual; children played in the streets and men and women moved about in wonted unconcern; and yet, in that hall there was the beginning of a most momentous event—the

fulcrum on which rested that which lifted the whole United States out of the deadly condition of half slave, half free."

He spoke of the occasion as one of suspense. The delegates were from both the free and the slave States; there were also some native Californians and foreigners. It was not known, accordingly, what the provision would be as to slavery. Strange to relate, however, a clause in the Constitution, stating that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except for crime should ever be allowed in California, was unanimously adopted. The Constitution as framed was ratified by the people, and a little later California, admitted into the Union by a wrangling Congress, made sixteen free States against fifteen slave States. Later came the Kansas and Nebraska struggle, and still later the irrepressible conflict, after the pro-slavery element, seeing so much coveted territory slipping from its grasp, had become thoroughly desperate. Next was the Emancipation Proclamation; then, Appomattox, and finally a reunited country.

As Dr. Willey closed his impressive review with the words, "God moves in a mysterious way," the present writer knows that a thrill went through the frame of at least one listener.

The Rev. W. A. Tenney of Oakland contributes to the April number of the Overland Monthly an interesting and valuable article on "The Evolution of the Northwest." It treats of that region of country lying north of California and west of the Rocky Mountains, and shows how fruitful gardens have been evolved out of what were aforetime called worthless deserts, and how a vast region, for which great statesmen of the past said they would not give a pinch of snuff, has shown resources that bid fair to make it one of the richest and most populous parts of our national domain. Mr. Tenney lived many years in that great North-

west, and his article springs from those years of experience as well as from a careful study of that country as it is to-day, after the evolution of the years since white men began to bring about its wonderful transformations.

The Christian Education Problem.

It is difficult for persons who have seen and experienced the advantages accruing from the training given young men and young women in the Christian colleges of the East to conclude that it will be as well for the young people of California to receive their education in the two great universities which now bid fair to largely control in the educational work hereabouts.

Speaking recently in the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. Dr. McLean, of Pacific Theological Seminary, expressed the opinion that higher education in California was likely to be given over, more and more as the years rolled on, to the State University at Berkeley and to Stanford; and that the only field for denominational institutions would be in an affiliation with these great schools. He was of opinion that it would be impossible for any denominational school to secure, in way of endowment, that which would enable it to compete in this part of the State, at least, with these great universities. Mention was made of movements on the part of the Baptist and Methodist colleges to turn over to these institutions the work beyond the sophomore year, and there were, to him, no signs on the horizon to indicate that any other denomination would inaugurate educational work except in affiliation with the University of California.

The private school and the academy he found also to be giving way slowly to the high schools, which could now be advantageously carried on in many cities and towns, a recent legislative enactment making it possible for municipalities to provide for their successful maintenance. And there were to him indications that the high schools would in time come more under the control of the State, receiving support therefrom; that the relation of the University of California to these schools would be such as to make it especially advantageous to any one desiring to teach in California to have training in that university.

Our inference is that Dr. McLean is not as well satisfied with the educational outlook as he would be if there were opportunity for and promise of some such Christian colleges as are now in existence in many of our Central and Eastern States. Nor can we understand how any one among our Christian people *can* be satisfied with the outlook. The best things for the State and for Christianity have not come in the past from the State educational institutions, and it is not easy to conclude that they will ever come from them in the future.

We are strongly inclined to believe that the best work for Christian education in California can be done, by Congregationalists, by not giving up entirely the idea of a college some time in this part of the State. There is a great future before the State. The millions of people who are to be here before the middle of the next century will require far greater educational facilities than two universities can afford.

Nearly every one among us who considers this educational question concludes that it would be better if we could have our Christian college, but that there being no probability of it we must make the best of that which is, and throw around our present institutions the best influences and safeguards—a wise conclusion, so far as it goes! But would it not be wisdom also to keep the ear ever open for the step of some man or men who may furnish enough money to found an institution which would in time fill some such place as Amherst or Williams among the great universities of New England? Years of toil and sacrifice would necessarily go into any such institution. But it is through their toil and sacrifice that God makes men—and it is thus, also, that they leave their best impress for good upon the world.

Shall the boys and girls of future California be given over for their education in great herds in one or two institutions, and be deprived of that personal influence, on the part of the teacher in the smaller institution, which has ever been recognized as so vital in the educative process? It led Garfield to say that a log cabin anywhere in the wilderness, having a rustic bench with Mark Hopkins on one end and himself on the other, was college enough for him.

Shall we accept here what now seems to many the inevitable, and look forward no longer to an educational institution in which the Christian atmosphere will be such as to make it more likely that young men will be brought to Christian living than in the average Christian home? Ought not we rather to lament the present tendency, and through our hope for better things, and our faith in their final accomplishment everywhere, hasten their coming? Jesus said to his mother at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, "Mine hour is not yet come." Nevertheless she said to the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Soon, then, his hour did come, and that which was lacking was supplied.

Our Christian Education Problem in Washington.

While it may be impossible to bring people to the conclusion that we as Congregationalists have not passed, in this part of California, that tide-point in educational matters which leads on to fortune, the situation on Puget Sound seems to be such yet as to allow the laying of plans which may supply there what we now lack and may always lack here. On Puget Sound are to be some of the greatest cities of the Pacific Coast. That entire region will some time be thickly populated. Western Washington will have its millions of people. No such state institutions have been built up yet as are to be found in California. There are two Congregational educational institutions of academic grade—one at Snohomish, the other at Tacoma. The present writer believes now as he believed ten years ago, when secretary of an organization which had as its purpose the establishment of a Congregational college on Puget Sound, that such an institution can be established there which will, as the years go by, stand for what Oberlin has stood for in the Ohio country, Beloit in the Northwest, and Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth and others in New England; that such an institution would ever have such place, no matter to what importance a State University might attain. Doubtless President Angell is correct in his forecast, that west of New York and Pennsylvania, with one or two exceptions, the State educational institutions are to be the strongest. But that does not indicate that Olivet in Michigan, Beloit in Wisconsin, Carleton in Minnesota, Colorado in Colorado,

Pacific in Oregon, Whitman in Eastern Washington, Pomona in Southern California, and our other colleges of good reputation and service in other States are not to continue to have their fields of usefulness. Nor does that or anything else indicate that our Congregational friends on Puget Sound ought not to look forward to the time when they will have there a Christian college after the manner of those which have long done so great a service in other parts of the country. We hope that the Congregationalists of Western Washington will hold to at least one of the academies, and so nurture it as to make it the foundation in future years of a well-equipped Christian college. Whitman College, distant about four hundred miles, will, before the next twenty-five years roll around, find its field ample in Eastern Washington. We believe that the Congregational element of that promising region of country will regret it before the year 1925 if they do not so plan—as many regret it now in California that the permanent foundations of a Christian college were not laid here by the people of our faith and polity, when things were in a more formative condition.

Long before the middle of the next century there will be on Puget Sound one city of at least five hundred thousand population, another with two or three hundred thousand, and several others of an hundred thousand thousand each. There are seven fine harbors on Puget Sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and on the shores of every one of those harbors will be built up populous and prosperous cities; and in the valleys along the lower foothills of the mountains will be yet other regions, holding then an immense population. The people of Washington believe that when that predicted day shall have arrived in which the greatest city on this continent is found on the Pacific Coast, the crown of supremacy will rest on one of their fair cities instead of on San Francisco. Why shouldn't that people plan for great things educationally, and lead on toward their accomplishment? Remarkable providences have occurred in the history of our colleges scattered all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the same infinite mind will be at the helm during the twentieth century that was there during the nineteenth; the self-sacrificing spirit in mankind is not yet dead, and

with the experiences of the past to lead us, and the constant high service yet to be rendered by our Christian colleges now in existence ever before us, minds will be slow in coming to the conclusion that the State University or such institutions as that far-famed one at Stanford, can ever satisfactorily, even on the affiliated plan, take their places.

Notes.

A majority of the 45,000 Jews in Jerusalem are reported as being in hopeless destitution.

Benevolent and charitable gifts for 1899 were more than double those of any previous year, amounting to nearly eighty million dollars. Here is another evidence that the Christ spirit is gaining increasing influence in the world.

Among excuses given recently for non-attendance at church was that of a grocer, who said that the relations between himself and some of the members was not pleasant; that they owed him long-standing bills and yet dressed and lived in greater style than he could afford, and so he kept out of their company.

The Rev. Dr. Willey was in attendance this week at the funeral services of the late General John Bidwell of Chico, a noted California pioneer. A special invitation came to Dr. Willey to attend. The friendship of almost half a century and the memory of a man who had lived nobly led him away on what was a trying journey for one past the four score age point.

Protestant missionary work began in China in 1807, under Robert Morrison of Scotland. He labored seven years before securing a convert. At the present time the communicants in the different mission societies and churches are hardly an hundred thousand. This is only a small piece of leaven in the midst of four hundred million people. But a rapid growth may be expected now that China is awaking from her sleep of centuries. The Roman Catholic church lists about a million members.

Just as the Rev. S. M. Freeland finishes his work as supply for several months in the First Congregational church of Tacoma he is called to Los Angeles to supply for Dr. Day of the First church for six weeks. Dr. Day plans to start East soon after Easter, to be absent until the first of June. The Rev. Dr. Temple of Seattle says in the Plymouth Herald concerning this engagement of Mr. Freeland's: "This suits us exactly, because we shall want him back again to take charge of our services from the middle of July to September."

The women of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, England, visit 3,000 homes in that city every month. Much good has come from this visitation. The needs of the people have been found to be the gospel, cleaner homes and better cooked food. The London Christian says that the success attained shows what may be done by taking the gospel to the people's homes instead of waiting for them to come to church.

The council called at Park church, Berkeley, Friday, March 30th, for the ordination of Mr. E. B. Bradley, voted unanimously and heartily to proceed with the ordination. Mr. Bradley sustained an excellent examination. Although he had not finished the Theological Seminary course it was found that his preparation for and experience in the Christian ministry were such as to allow of an exception in his case. Because of these things and his expressed intention of finishing the Seminary course, and thus adding to his present efficiency as a gospel worker, the council had no hesitancy in thus setting him apart to that work. The ordaining prayer was by the Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean; the charge to the pastor, written by the Rev. John Faville of Peoria, Illinois, was read by Rev. Alfred Bayley; the right hand of fellowship was by the Rev. W. W. Scudder, and the charge to the people by Prof. R. R. Lloyd. An extract from the charge to the pastor appears elsewhere in this issue of *The Pacific*.

A training school for missionary workers among the Spanish-speaking people of California has been opened at Whittier. The Spanish Evangel says concerning it: "Nine students of ability and unusual consecration are already enrolled; four men, five women. All are persons of eighteen years and above, who at their own expenses, and for love of the Master's work among the Spanish-speaking, are preparing for it. Five are Americans, some having already a good start in the Spanish language, and all making fine progress in it. One is of German and Indian blood, the Spanish his native tongue. Another is half Mexican and half French, speaking from childhood the Spanish, while two are Mexicans of superior class. All these also speak and read the English. The school is most happily affiliated with the Whittier Training School for Christian Workers, conducted by Miss Mary Hill of the Chicago Training School. As all our students, so far, understand English, the opportunity of attending some or all of Miss Hill's classes is of no little importance, though as the English-speaking students advance in their knowledge of Spanish, more and more of their training will necessarily be in that language. Some are beginning to assist Mr. Case in his field work."

Among the Churches.

In 1870 there were 9,000 Shakers in the United States. At present they do not number more than a thousand. They gain no adherents, and soon the sect will become extinct.

The Christian-Evangelist, a paper of the Disciples of Christ published at St. Louis, calls attention to the fact that the contributions of the Disciple churches for home missions were less than ten cents a member last year, while the Congregationalists gave 82½ cents a member. The Presbyterians stood next, with 61 cents.

A prominent Roman Catholic prelate in Philadelphia said recently that if he had to abandon preaching or parish visiting he would give up the former. "From this," he added, "you may perceive the importance that the Catholic church attaches to house-to-house visitation. I know every Catholic family in this parish, and the condition of all its members, with their relations to the church."

A correspondent of the Interior, a Presbyterian journal, writes in favor of a change in the 250-year-old creed to something more modern, shorter and more devotional. He says: "Our Church ought to be a world church, putting itself to all in as simple and winning a light as is consistent with the fundamental Scripture truth." And the Interior says: "We would have had the new, brief, evangelical creed years ago but for the Briggs scare."

At the recent national council of the evangelical Free Churches of England one of the speakers, a member of the Established Church, showed the formidable extent of the Romanizing movement. He said that there were 4,400 clergy and thirty-two bishops who were members of the English Church Union—the Romanizing confederacy. About 1,800 of the Church of England clergy were members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, which was established for the purpose of bringing back the self-same sacrifice of the Mass which the Protestant martyrs in Queen Mary's reign died to put down. The sacrifice of the Mass was offered in thousands of parish churches every week, and auricular confession was marching through the land like a spiritual plague. Great religious movements always led to civil commotions, and he feared they might expect, in the near future, fiercer conflicts than England had ever seen since the time of Bishop Laud.

The Man of Nazareth said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Steadily since then has he been winning the world to himself. Here are some good figures for the pessimistic Christian to keep in mind: "In 1800 the number of church

members in the United States was 364,872; to-day, 18,256,791. In 1800 the proportion of evangelical church members to population was one in twenty; to-day it is one in four. In 1800 the Sunday-school, established in 1786, was an appreciable factor in church life; to-day the number of schools exceeds 100,000, with 12,911,313 teachers and pupils. The closing years of the century have witnessed an astonishing development of young people's societies: the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has enrolled over 3,000,000 in this country, with a full half-million in other lands. This does not include the 1,800,000 in the Epworth Leagues of the Methodist Church, and a very large contingent in the Baptist Young People's Union. The Young Men's Christian Associations embrace 237,976 members; and the associations for young women, 35,000. The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip in the Reformed and Presbyterian churches, and the St. Andrew in the Episcopal Church, have 27,000 members. Foreign missionary work only began in 1810, yet at the close of the century the churches have 22,344 laborers in the field, 410,395 communicant members in organized churches, and 253,913 youths in their schools. At least 1,112,000 natives are regular attendants upon their religious instruction."

"The chimes of St. Michael's church, in Charleston, S. C., have a peculiar history. The bells are nine in number and of unusual purity and sweetness of tone. They were cast in England when St. Michael's was built, about one hundred and thirty years ago. When the War of the Revolution came, the bells were sent to England for safe keeping. After the treaty of peace had been consummated negotiations were opened in London for the return of the bells by the first American minister to Great Britain. He succeeded, and the bells were sent to Charleston, and upon their arrival were received with triumphant ovations and escorted by a large procession to the church, in the belfry of which they were replaced. During the late Civil war the citizens of Charleston were desirous of protecting the bells from danger, and as the steeple of St. Michael's was made the target for the cannon of the besiegers, the bells were taken down and sent to Columbia for safe keeping. When Sherman's army took Columbia, the sheds in the yard of the State House, in which the bells had been placed, and which also contained the marble friezes and other sculptures intended for the decoration of the capitol, were broken in; and the sculptures and bells were smashed into fragments, and the sheds were set on fire. At the conclusion of the war the pieces of the bells were carefully gathered together, boxed and shipped to a commercial house in Liverpool, together with extracts from the records of St. Michael's, showing where the bells were

cast, and the proportions of the metals forming their component parts. Upon inquiry, it was found that there was still in existence in England the firm of bell founders, unchanged in name, and consisting of the descendants of the proprietors at the time the bells were made. The records of this firm contained descriptions of the bells, and the proportions there given were found to correspond with those furnished from Charleston. The bells were made anew, therefore, of the same metal, and for the fifth time they were carried across the Atlantic and arrived safely at Charleston. Their return was made the occasion of great rejoicing in the city."

Notes and Personals.

Rev. F. H. Maar of Redwood and Rev. L. D. Rathbone of Santa Rosa exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First church of Oakland is within \$50 of the \$1,900 needed for the recarpeting of the church.

Sixty-five persons were in attendance at the prayer-meeting in Pilgrim church, Oakland, Wednesday evening of last week. This was more than half the resident membership.

Good reports come concerning the work at Reno, Nevada. The church is especially influential in university circles. Five persons are to unite with the church next Sunday.

Instead of the usual graduating addresses of the senior class Pomona College contemplates this year an address from some distinguished speaker beyond the college bounds.

A church building is contemplated by the Congregational people at Sebastopol. The hall which they have been using has been sold. The church society owns a good lot and some money is also in hand for a building.

Twice recently Mrs. E. S. Williams of Saratoga has read hereabouts a paper entitled "What the Church Building Society Has Done," of which we have heard much hearty commendation. It is mentioned in an article in The Church Record as a very attractive feature of a recent missionary program, given in the First church of Oakland, and in that connection it is said: "We always greatly appreciate having Mrs. Williams with us, for her presence is always a benediction; and we are hoping to see her paper in full in The Pacific."

The Rev. J. H. Williams, pastor of the Congregational church of Redlands, in a communication to the editor of a local paper, expressed himself recently as follows, concerning the removal by ladies of their hats while in church service: "The custom of ladies removing their hats in church is attracting increasing attention.

It is a custom so sensible and so helpful to the enjoyment of the service that it must, in time, prevail everywhere. Why should not the ladies of Redlands adopt it at once? It is a helpful custom from the standpoint both of the pulpit and the pew. A few Sundays ago I was privileged to sit in a pew as a listener, in the Congregational church in San Bernardino. To my great delight, as soon as the service began the ladies removed their hats. As the hats between me and the speaker came off a clear view of the pulpit was opened up, greatly adding to my enjoyment of the service and the sermon. I feel sure that such a practice would be hailed with pleasure in all our Redlands churches." Mr. Williams then added that he would be glad to see the custom adopted at the dedicatory services of their new church on the following Sunday.

There are three well-known mica fields in North America—in the Carolinas, New Hampshire and Canada. The Boston Transcript says: "The New Hampshire product is the finest of the three, and, according to some statements, it is of a finer quality than that mined in India. It is worked many hundred feet below the surface of the earth, being found chiefly in the great deposits of quartz and feldspar, from which it is removed by means of steam or hand drills or dynamite. Usually, it comes in the form of a transparent block of irregular formation, and when held to the light has a delicate port wine hue. A different method of securing the mica is employed in the Carolinas, where, instead of digging deep in the earth, the workmen employ pick and shovel in the beds of kaolin, which are scattered over the surface. This mica is of a greenish color and the Canada product is called amber mica. The process of getting the mica into condition for the market is interesting. It is taken from the New Hampshire mines in great baskets to a house where men sit on benches, with knife in hand, all ready for the blocks of the material which are brought to them. The round point of these small rifting knives, so-called, is inserted in the block of mica and by steady effort a thin layer is pulled off. A similar performance is gone through with each layer until, when a fair-sized pile has accumulated, the cutter comes to carry it to his department. Here the sheets are placed on blocks of kiln-dried ash, made in sizes and shapes to meet the ideas of the manufacturer, and the edges are trimmed off accordingly by the use of great knives swinging on pivots."

St. Patrick's Day was observed this year throughout the British Empire as never before. The British Weekly declares that the day will never again be merely a local and Roman Catholic festival.

The London Pulpit.

By Rev. William Kader.

The London churches offer a wide field for comment and criticism. The American visitor is impressed immediately by a certain strong spiritual tone which pervades sermons and services. Every pastor appears to be an evangelist, going here and there, working with might and main. Noonday prayer-meetings are held in many places and the Thursday service, which so long distinguished the City Temple, is being adopted by other churches. At the Y. M. C. A.'s prayer-meetings are held daily from 12 to 1, and they are well attended. I observe a certain reverence in the churches which is not felt in the American churches. Church attendance is good, and sermons emphasize fundamentals. The liberal spirit in theology is vitalized by a strong spiritual fervor. By comparison, I should say, we suffer in the United States by lacking in heartiness of worship, and by a distinct absence of the historic or ecclesiastical spirit. The people appear to attend church for worship, not for amusement, and they are reverent and know how to sing. It is worth a trip across the Atlantic to hear the great congregation in the City Temple sing a Sunday morning hymn. The choirs here do not "perform" as much as they do with us, but lead the people in sacred song. The music is better, and it is an inspiration to preach to such congregations. People go to church, not alone because of the man in the pulpit, but because of what the church stands. There is, in short, a church conscience in England. In America we have a national, but hardly a church conscience.

I was in one, yes, two, of those peculiar pulpits characterized by Mr. Beecher as "bird's nests." Was it he who said they were "ten feet above criticism"? At any rate it will be found some day that many eloquent passages are entombed within the narrow circle called a pulpit, and which you reach by a stairway, and when you reach the little queer-looking place a door is closed behind you, and there you are! We do not see these little boxes in America. The man who invented them had not read of the definition of eloquence which was given in the single word "action."

The most distinguished non-conformist preacher in London is Joseph Parker, who for thirty-one years has been preaching in the City Temple. His Thursday service is still largely attended by people who represent a large part of the earth. Dr. Parker has often been described, but I will venture just one more description. He has the face of a lioness rather than a lion, and two qualities are evident in the personality of the man and in the spirit of his sermons. They are the quality of the lion and that of the lamb. Listen carefully and you hear the thunder of the one and the gentle bleat of the other. Dramatic

action is the dominant factor in his delivery. His has the expository method added to the illustrative. He has a well-trained imagination, and is a master of an audience. He is a genuine actor, which means that his acting is native and natural to him. There is just a little of the spectacular in the things which are said and done at the City Temple. Dr. Parker goes to his study and a good brother, who appears to enjoy the Thursday noon routine of introducing visitors, takes your card, and you are invited into the formidable presence of the Henry Ward Beecher of London, who, for the time being, occupies about the same position as a statue in the National gallery, or a mailed figure in the Tower. When you have "seen," he touches a little bell, something the statue cannot do, and the next victim of his greatness is ushered in, while you are bowed out; and so on, until the cosmopolitan procession ends. A book for signatures may be handed you to sign, especially if you are from "away out in California." But your correspondent was not satisfied with that sort of sight-seeing, and arranged for an extended interview with the Rev. Dr. Parker, which was granted. In this conversation matters pertaining to his methods of work were touched upon. Dr. Parker said he did not know how he prepared three sermons every week, except as they came through his regular study of the Bible. He clothed his well meditated thoughts in language which might be called extemporaneous. He said he was growing more conservative as he grew older, and always emphasized the person of Christ in his preaching. He believed, with Mr. Beecher, that "a man would be a fool to leave the City Temple for any pulpit in the world." "Everybody comes to London," he added, "and I preach to hundreds of ministers of all denominations." The fact that Dr. Parker has sustained this Thursday service for thirty-one years is conceded to be a marvelous thing.

Referring to the controversy between Anglican and Non-Conformist churches, he said, with emphasis, "The established church is doomed."

I have concluded, however, that there are no great preachers in London, unless Joseph Parker be the exception to the rule, and he is not the equal to either Beecher or Brooks. Perhaps Dr. Horton is the most promising of the younger men. Indeed, great men are scarce just now in England. They all appear to be dead—in Westminster Abbey. Ruskin and Gladstone have gone, and Kipling—is in South Africa writing fire-eating letters to the London papers. If my reader doubts the statement that there are no great men left let him satisfy himself by naming a few.

The most popular preacher outside of London is Mr. Campbell of Brighton, who has created a sensation by his quiet, but powerful,

sermons. Hugh Price Hughes, a Methodist, preaches in St. James' Hall to hundreds every Sunday afternoon. He is reinforced by a brass band and a loyal people, and is doing a good work, but we have some Methodist preachers around San Francisco who can, far and away, preach a better sermon than Mr. Hughes. Mr. Meyer, pastor of Westminster church, is giving himself to evangelistic work, and is successful with young men. His church is pretty well decorated on the outside with invitations to attractive meetings. Mr. Meyer is a man of sweet spirit, magnetic and suggestive. He will soon tour the southern part of the United States, he tells me, with a son of Mr. Moody. "How is it that he is able to get away from his church so often?" I asked of a young man, and he answered that some men do a year's work in six months.

I heard Canon Gore in a Lenten service at Westminster Abbey this afternoon. Hundreds were present, and the tones of the great organ seemed to emphasize the solemn grandeur of that magnificent repository of the voiceless, honored dead. The preacher talked for an hour on the theology of John, and his "sermon" was properly a class-room lecture. But it was a clear, helpful exposition, delivered with the peculiar style of our Prof. Le Conte, and with that same pungent simplicity. One was impressed that here was a scholar who was talking. It will require more than a half-century to "doom" the church vested in the ripe scholarship of such men as Gore and Wescott.

When the service closed the evening shadows were throwing their dark veils over the somber marbles of the Abbey, but the great congregation filed out with a greater realization than ever before that he was the Light of Light, the thought upon which Canon Gore was speaking.

I find the churches of London doing much aggressive work. Large sums of money have been raised for "tent" work, and the leading preachers will engage in this labor. The established church is doing an immense amount of good work in neglected portions of the city, where, by their forms and ceremonies, the gospel is being carried to the needy. It does one good to come in touch with such a glowing religious life, and the approaching May meetings will but emphasize this spirit. I have been fortunate in being thrown in the society of publishers and editors, notably Mr. Hodder of Hodder & Stroughton, the fortunate man who unearthed Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and Mr. Clarke of the Christian World, and the new editor of Great Thoughts and The Christian Age. The most brilliant London journalist is Robert Nichol of the British Weekly. Dr. Guinness Rodgers, whom I had the difficult honor of following last evening in a pulpit, has retired

from his long and distinguished pastorate, and is giving himself heart and soul to the raising of a twentieth century fund, which promises to reach a big figure. The books of Mr. Sheldon are read with intense interest here by everybody. The American writers known and read of many men here are Longfellow, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain and Mr. Sheldon—a remarkable combination. The pulpit orators of the United States, college presidents and leaders in thought are comparatively unknown here, showing that while the "world is geographically growing smaller," it is at the same time getting very, very large.

A Letter from China.

Editor of The Pacific: An editorial appeared in The Pacific of January 18th, in which you took exception to a statement made by me in a letter to Dr. Holbrook. I have re-read the statement made, viz., that "I should prefer to have the Chinese remain heathen than to come under Catholic rule," and I must say that I cannot, in full justice to the truth, retract one iota from the statement made. I am well aware that some eminent names adorn the page of Catholic history, but the persecutions and inquisitions are also on record. If I turn to pagan history I can find many a name that shines out clearly, though with an imperfect light. The practical question to the Protestant missionary is this: Do the Catholic priests lead the heathen to a higher plane of life? And are the so-called Catholic countries not more difficult to be won to the true gospel than the heathen? To the first question I answer a positive "No"; for the Catholics in this part of China and, as far as I have heard, all over China, admit men into their Church who are of the worst character—robbers, thieves, murderers, gamblers, opium-smokers, etc., so that this Church has become a derision among the natives themselves. Why is this? Merely because when such bad characters are admitted they are defended by the Catholic priests before the courts of law.

Let me explain what I mean by a case in point. More than twelve years ago Dr. Pond of your city baptized a young man by the name of Soo Hoo Ming. In the autumn of 1897 he and some other Christians deeded a piece of land to the American Board Mission for the purpose of erecting a school house where a few of the children of Christians could be taught. There were no Catholics in the village at the time, and we had a perfect right to commence Christian work there. When the building was commenced the heathen opposed us and even persecuted our Christians, but we finally carried the matter to the authorities, who vindicated our rights. Seeing they were beaten they joined the Cath-

olic church and immediately commenced to persecute us worse than ever. Some seventy or more persons joined their church in one day; then they commenced to beat our Christians and burn our school house, and not one of them has been punished by the government, because it is afraid of the Catholics, or the French nation, which is behind the priests in China. And what is the state now? We have had to give up the deed to the land and our Christians no longer dare live in the village, though they have some \$2,000 to \$3,000 worth of property in the village. Women are most shamefully insulted. I have even been stoned myself by the Catholics in the same village. Our Christians, finding no longer a place in a Catholic village, found a refuge in a heathen village, where they are safer and less liable to lose their lives than in their own village, which has come under Catholic rule; and I should advise no Christian to live in a Catholic village if he can help it—yea, I would rather live among the Chinese heathen myself than among the Chinese Catholics.

Some months since a Catholic priest and his followers bound a German missionary and his assistant and kept them in bonds for a whole night, after despoiling the Christians of their property. And these cases are by no means isolated ones. From every side come reports of the foul dealings of those who have put themselves under the protection of Rome. If heathen persecute me or our Christians I can obtain redress from the government; but none if the Catholics are the offenders, because they are shielded in their crimes by their church. You may think that the statement made by me is too sweeping; but I believe most of our Christians would concur in that statement.

Recently a Presbyterian minister returned from Manila to Hongkong, and he told me that America would have to get rid of the friars before she could govern the islands; and I believe it, because these friars have so long been a curse to the people that some of the natives want to banish them, and every American would do the same if his daughter had been forcibly taken from him and carried, not to some brothel, but the home of the friar or priest, which has been done with so many of the daughters of the Filipinos. Tales have been poured into my ears of the doings of these friars that would shock even the sensitive ears of the Chinese heathen, who never would tolerate such a thing in China.

A few days ago a Portuguese Catholic joined our church. I asked him why he did not remain in his church. He said that the priests gamble and are immoral and hence he could not believe that they could forgive sins. The American Board has three missions in Catholic countries—Austria, Spain and Mexico. Why have these, if their religion is all right,

as Archbishop Ireland would have us believe that the religion of the Philippine Islands is all right?

Secondly, I think it must in all candor be admitted that Catholic countries are more difficult to evangelize than the heathen themselves. Better not have any religion but the high morality that Confucius taught, with a belief in a higher being, than a perversion of the true religion. We do not know what Catholicism really is by studying its creed, but by noting its practices. We missionaries do not believe in parliaments of religion merely because we believe that Christianity is *the* religion, and nearly every day of our lives we are compelled to state the falsity of the heathen systems as well as that of the Church of Rome. We do not compare notes to see whether we cannot all unite upon one general system.

I am aware that there are Catholics and Catholics, and that many eleemosynary institutions are carried on by the Sisters and even priests; but has any one ever heard of a public promulgation of the gospel? Here in China, at least, there is no preaching, and converts are made by undertaking the lawsuits of the people and protecting criminals from their just dues. There is no public preaching, and everything is done under cover. Chinese officials are either bribed or threatened, so that the Catholic priest has more power than a missionary. Money is often received from criminals, and those who have lawsuits, who seek to enter the church. One of my helpers told me that sometimes even the common people must pay \$1.00 or \$2.00 to record their names among the faithful. I do feel that as Protestants we ought to take up a different attitude towards the Church of Rome, for American Catholicism is not what is found on the Continent or in heathen lands.

Yours truly,

C. R. Hager.

In "The Growth of Foreign Missions During the Nineteenth Century" Mr. D. B. Pier-son says: "One hundred years ago there was not one unmarried woman missionary on the field to enter zenanas, to minister to the sick, to teach the children. Now there are over five thousand of these angels of mercy who are devoting their lives to the brightening of homes and hearts, the care of bodies, minds and souls of their unhappy sisters, and the neglected children of heathen lands."

God's greatest favor to the Jews was the forgiveness of their sins, and the Psalmist, therefore, refers to it with especial emphasis. This is his greatest gift to-day—would that we could understand this fact and praise him as we should, when forgiveness is ours. For a heart that cannot appreciate its own wickedness and God's mercy in pardon is neither fit nor able to receive other blessings at his hands.

Divergent Opinions as to War.

By D. Gilbert Dexter.

I note the editorial in *The Pacific* of March 29th, on "Divergent Opinions as to War." The position assumed is not any more surprising than the utterances often heard and read from pulpit, press and platform. That such an opinion as carried by the writer is in harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ I deny, for at no time or place has the Master ever upheld such a position. The points at issue are in the teachings of Jesus Christ and "the cleansing influence of war." In the editorial liberal quotations are made from the sayings of Rev. Dr. John Watson. In the recent sayings and sermons which the noted English pastor and writer has given to the world he is quoted as upholding not only this South African war, but war. Not so many moons ago the reverend gentleman was quoted as favoring the peace of all nations; that the day had come when the civilized world should arbitrate all differences: and that war should cease. No man should be called great if he is not consistent. No man should be a leader and teacher of men who will not stand by the truth, and who will be swayed by the designing men of a nation, who care more for "sordid gain" than the precious lives of fathers, sons and brothers—yea, the best blood of the nation. That Cecil Rhodes and his combine incited the conflict between Briton and Boer no one at all familiar with the history of the condition of affairs in South Africa will dare deny. If it is not for "sordid gain" that Rhodes and his allies are fighting, pray tell what it is! Is it for glory? Well, there has not been much of that up to date. Is it to Christianize an ignorant, godless people? That cannot be, for if ever there was a people whose reliance is placed in prayer to God the Boers are that people. There is only one true, honest reason why this war is being waged against the Boers to-day; it is "sordid gain." History from the beginning to the end confirms it. A simple assertion proves nothing, but facts in history go unchallenged.

"But," says Ian Maclaren, "England fights to-day for that which has been dear to her from the Commonwealth downwards—for liberty, for righteousness, for equal rights between man and man, for lasting peace in a fair province of God's world, and for the ancient unstained glory of the English name."

It is some time ago, Dr. Watson, but no true American will ever forget the "tea-party" in Boston harbor, and what preceded and what followed, with some incidents of history all the way along, down to the present. "Unstained honor," indeed!

In another place Dr. Watson says: "We felt if war should come it would cleanse England. And the war has come, and now the mass of our people are coming out of the

furnace strong and refined." When the war commenced the tidings flashed over the wires that Queen Victoria could hardly be comforted over the terrible fact; that she went to her room weeping. Then the thought came, if Gladstone had been at the head of affairs in England the war would never have been. But the noble queen was powerless—tears could not stop the heartless ambition for "sordid gain"; Cecil Rhodes and Chamberlain rule for the syndicate; "cleanse England" by taking her best blood; "coming out strong and refined." What mockery these words, in the ears of those waiting for news from South Africa. President Jordan was right when he said, "War can only waste and corrupt."

And now we are favored with a spectacle almost beyond belief—the Queen's visit to Ireland? Why this journey at this time? The "syndicate" said it must be, to bring good cheer to the dear, desolate homes of Ireland, whose sons, though long despised, are needed now to fight our battles. Go, good Queen Victoria, and comfort ye, comfort ye Ireland; speak ye home to the heart of Erin, for we now covenant with thee in this time of our sore need.

If war is wrong it is wrong; if war is right it is right; and the simple declaration of one man or a dozen men cannot change the right to the wrong, or the wrong to the right, no matter what fame may surround the man who favors one side or the other. My reply is made in Christian love, "Lest we forget—lest we forget."

The Famine in India.

Rev. H. Bissell of Ahmednagar writes: "There are a score of relief camps within a day's drive of Ahmednagar. The throngs of people at these places, living little better than flocks of sheep, are a pitiable sight indeed. The children are kept apart from their parents all day in the kitchen. Husbands and wives often do not see each other from sunrise to sunset. The good and the bad are all forced into being neighbors. The gratitude with which our assistance is received is striking. A widow with five children at the very extreme of raggedness, on being handed a garment fell prostrate before us and mutely wept with gratitude. Her little babe lay dying under a tree near by. The mother had to leave the child or else her work. If she stopped her work she would lose her wages. What was she to do? The child lived only a few days. Before this awful famine is over we shall need every dollar the public of America can possibly send us. Disease and death are all around. The fight against starvation calls for all the help anyone can give us, be he near or be he far."

Mr. Vithal Nagar, a Hindu gentleman of Baroda, says: "I find starving people every-

where. They seem nearly half dead. Some are abandoning their children, or giving them away. As carts loaded with grain pass along the roads the poor follow them, picking kernels out of the dust. We feel so deeply with pity that the greater part of my salary, and that of my wife and son, is being used in buying grain and giving it to the poor, starving people who gather round us everywhere."

Rev. E. Fairbank of Vadala writes: "A few days ago I visited the Maka relief camp. It was interesting to note that the officer in charge was one of our own Christians. He has under him a large number of Christian clerks. Some of them are teachers whose schools are temporarily closed. At this camp there were 1,859 men, 2,977 women, 1,498 children, and 499 infants; total, 6,833. Their clothless condition is beyond anything I have ever seen."

A correspondent of the Times of India writes: "In due course I arrived at the poorhouse. It was a sad sight. That morning 1,159 poor creatures were fed there. In the hospital wards were 194 sick from continued hunger. One patient admitted five days ago, a girl, was frightful to see. Her face was like a skull, and haunted one for hours afterward. It is this helpless misery of famine that at times seems almost to paralyze thought. You stand bewildered before it. Wherever you go it is there. It cries to you from the barren fields. The children crying for food in the streets, the half-inanimate bundles of rags stretched by the roadsides, the bone-protruding cattle, the bright sun above and the air pulsating with heat, all tell the same tale—misery! misery!—until you grow sick."

What Shall We Do with the Boys?

The problem of providing a safe, pleasant and profitable way for the boys to spend their summer vacations is usually a perplexing one to most parents. The famous summer camp for boys at Manhannock Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., conducted by Rev. John M. Dick of Boston, is helping to solve that problem for one hundred boys in the far East every summer. Mr. Dick has been in California several times engaged in work with the Young Men's Christian Associations, and during his visit last February he offered to establish such a camp for boys in California, if Mr. Noel H. Jacks, general secretary of the Oakland Young Men's Christian Association, would take charge of it.

After carefully considering the matter and with the consent of the Oakland Association Mr. Jacks agreed to do so. Mr. Clarke E. Pomeroy, recently the assistant secretary at Oakland, has been secured to assist Mr. Jacks in the management of the camp and in the care of the boys who may attend. Several

other young men will also be identified with the camp. There will be a camp physician to look after the health of the boys and supervise the sanitary arrangements of the camp; a prominent athletic leader will be secured to direct the athletic sports, games, teach swimming, handling of boats, etc.; a tutoring department will be provided for the benefit of boys who may be behind in one or more studies, or who desire to prepare for fall examinations. At least seven young men will be in constant attendance, making a corps of workers who will have oversight over the boys.

This camp will be located at Santa Catalina Island, Southern California, where camp life is ideal. The sports and pastimes are endless. Boating, fishing, swimming, delightful climate and wonderful natural wonders make it a boy's paradise. The camp will be conducted on lines carefully worked out of the experience of past years by Mr. Dick, which have met with the approval of the parents and boys. The objects of this camp will be to provide a safe place where boys may live in tents, fish, row, swim and do all other reasonable things, that to a boy's mind constitutes "camping out," and at the same be taught, in a practical way, that it is not necessary to forget the Sabbath and religious habits, nor break out of wholesome restraints. If to this can be added the companionship of other boys of good tendencies, under the Christian supervision of men of culture and character, which the boys will have, then surely parents will be interested in the success of this camp. The camp will open June 14th and continue on for eight or ten weeks, boys having the privilege of attending for two or more weeks, at an expense just high enough to insure a good time and first-class accommodations. Athletics, boating, swimming, rambles, launch parties, campfires, evening entertainments, etc., will be special features, all in charge of competent men.

A neat prospectus is being prepared, which will give all particulars, and can be secured by addressing Mr. Noel H. Jacks, at the Young Men's Christian Association, Oakland.

Memory Jingle.

First Washington, Adams, and Jefferson,
James Madison, James Monroe,
Then Adams again, and Jackson,
Van Buren and Harrison, too.
Next Tyler, Polk and Taylor,
Of Buena Vista fame.
And Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan,
In their good order came.
While Lincoln and Andrew Johnson,
Grant and Rutherford Hayes,
Garfield and Chester Arthur,
Of English mien and ways,
Are followed by Grover Cleveland,
Then Harrison and Cleveland again,
And last, but not least, comes McKinley,
Who closes the country's train.

—Exchange.

The Charge to a Pastor at an Ordination Service.

At the recent service for the ordination and recognition of Mr. E. B. Bradley as pastor of Park church, Berkeley, the charge to the pastor was by the Rev. John Faville, pastor of the First Congregational church of Peoria, Ill. Mr. Bradley came under Mr. Faville's influence in Wisconsin, and was for some time a member of his church at Appleton. It was on his advice that Mr. Bradley decided to enter Ripon College and to begin those studies which would more thoroughly fit him for preaching the gospel. From the time that Mr. Faville met him while he was preaching in a little Wisconsin village after leaving the work of the Salvation Army, he has followed his course with interest. Accordingly, it was especially appropriate that the charge at the ordination should come from him. It was read by the Rev. Alfred Bayley, who was a co-worker with Mr. Bradley in Salvation Army work in England and in India. Mr. Bayley, after reading the charge, added some very impressive words concerning their experiences as Christian workers in India. Mr. Faville's charge was in part as follows:

All life lies under a few great principles; you have been under them in the past as truly as you will be in the future. The duties of the Christian pastor seem manifold, the burdens varied, but if we can get the divine thought in these years, in which you have been preparing for this day, we shall know what is God's will for the future. What God has been demanding of you and what he now demands may be comprehended in this—that you strive to think, to feel, to act as a Christian.

First: You are to be a preacher of the truth, but truth is not a fixed quantity. It is not a basket of pearls to be handed to you; it is a mine that must be explored. You are to be a workman in that mine. Strive to think honestly, boldly, reverently, on the great problems that meet every religious teacher. There are no closed questions in theology. God has yet more light to give from his Word. Never be afraid to let others think. Some truth-seekers will be crude, unfair, intolerant; meet them with thoroughness, fairness, tolerance. You are entering a branch of the church famed for its love of freedom. You are in a generation full of doubt about past theories of God and man, about Bibles and creeds; new industrial, social, ethical issues are before you. Do not fear; amid all the clash of creeds and clamor of opinions, and crumbings of traditions "nevertheless the foundation of God standeth ever." Be a thinking preacher; let your pulpit ring with the truths, not of science, nor art, nor sociology, nor philosophy, but of religion. The world is still thirsty for the gospel message in

its breadth and simplicity and power. Be a Christian thinker.

And then, second: Love as a Christian. However strong and clear your church creed, however profound your philosophy, or sound your theology, you will fail if you depend only on the truth. The world is heart-hungry. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Mould your truth at the love furnace; be a great-hearted minister. You will not always be appreciated; always appreciate others. You will have critics; thank them. You will have antagonists; pray for them. You may have enemies; love them. You will meet those in ignorance, sorrow and sin; get near to them. Never be too busy to notice a child; have faith in the young people, have hope for all. Many deserve but little; give them your best good will; let love abide!

And then, third: Act like a Christian. Take brain, heart, will, mind, feeling, choice with this calling, remembering the greatest of these is choice—the choice of the best. You are to be a working man; only steady, patient, plodding in the study and parish and church will win in your professional work. But behind this must be the steady, patient choosing in your personal life of the highest you know. The arrow that will wing your message of truth, the casket that will carry your jewels of love to others, will be your own Christian life. Act like a Christian in business, politics, society. Act like a Christian in your denominational relations and your theological discussions. Act like a Christian on the street, in the home, in all your personal relations; then you will be a living epistle of the gospel of our Lord, read and known of all men. It is he who is willing to do the will of God who shall know the truth that frees and the love that saves. Covet character; let no man take that crown from you.

This, then, is what the past has been telling you, and this is what the future asks of you, as you take the Master's degree in church relations and Christian fellowship. God has not duplicated you in all the earth, and never will. You must live your life, do your work, deliver your message guided by the truth of God, the love of Christ, the will of the Holy Spirit. You are called to be Ernest Bradley at his best.

The way of the Christian minister, as well as of all others, has its hard places. You will be led at times over the bogs and rocks. You will meet "crag and torrent," but it is all the King's highway, and it is an unending honor and unspeakable privilege to enter upon this journey. I congratulate you. I rejoice with you that you have reached this goal. So run that you may win the prizes still before you. May God bless you now and forever!

Busy World Notes and Gleanings.

The Jewish Year Book estimates that there are about eleven millions Jews in the world, and that more than half are under Russian jurisdiction.

A profit-sharing firm at Evansville, Indiana, recently distributed among its employes a sum of money equal to sixty per cent of their wages.

Mr. C. B. Rouse, a New York millionaire, although blind, is the first at his place of business each morning and the last to leave in the evening.

Ex-Secretary Hoke Smith says that he can put furniture manufactured in Georgia into the Eastern cities more cheaply than his trade competitors in Michigan.

Comptroller Coler of New York says: "To make a man a good citizen is to bring him more than half-way to the church; and if any man fancies he is a good Christian who is not a good citizen, he deceives himself."

The human brain is said to attain its full weight when the individual is about eight years old. A Washington physician, who has made a thorough study of the development of children, is of opinion that they should not be sent to school before this age.

Writing concerning the sanitary service of seabirds, a New York paper says: "Simple economic considerations make it a matter of course that the gulls must be saved. An immense horde of them, which naturalists think number anywhere from a hundred thousand to a million, gorge twice a day in New York Bay upon garbage. As the hour of the 'dump' approaches, their multitudes fill the whole air to an immense height over an area of several miles; then gradually settle on the sea in vast white sheets. The whistle of the police boat, the signal to 'dump,' seems to waft them simultaneously into the air, to rather, like dense snowclouds, over the floating masses just emptied from the many scows. Imagine from what an amount of putrid matter these birds, as big as hens, save the adjacent beaches, not to speak of their perpetual gleaning in the actual harbors! And this is a specimen of what occurs at every port."

The sending of General Conje to St. Helena revives interest in that little island. It is described in the Indianapolis News as follows: "St. Helena rises as a great rock $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide by 8 miles long, from the Atlantic, with its sides sheer 800 feet high. It is a coaling place for the British navy, coal being sent there from Cardiff, Wales. Ships stop there coming from the Cape of Good Hope, often called the Cape of Storms, for water and vegetables. It is a great place for water cress and

potatoes. Of the 4,200 people on the island, 2,300 are in one town, Jamestown. There is a garrison of infantry, artillery and engineers, numbering about 350 men. As ships approach Jamestown, they see a little opening in the rocks, and through this the spire of an Episcopal church. From the landing one goes up the stone steps which Napoleon ascended, when he is said to have rebuked a French woman who did not step aside to allow a line of coolies, carrying bundles on their shoulders to pass, as he said, 'Respect the burden, madam.' It is not likely that General Cronje will occupy the house at Longwood, made famous by Napoleon Bonaparte, as that property, comprising five acres, is owned by the French Government, and is cared for by an old French officer, who has been there thirty years. The interior of the island is charmingly beautiful. The Longwood residence is only a gentleman farmer's house, and the French Government keeps the place looking as near possible like it was when Napoleon died there.

The Presbytery of Cape Town, South Africa, recently adopted unanimously the following resolutions: "(1) That this meeting of the Presbytery of Capetown, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of South Africa, contemplates with deep sorrow the present war between Great Britain and the South African Republics. (2) That, as the war has been provoked and commenced through antagonism to British interests in South Africa, and through a determination to achieve ascendancy for the Dutch race in South Africa, it is necessary that every effort should be put forth by the Imperial authorities to bring the conflict to a speedy and a successful issue. (3) That, in the opinion of this Presbytery, it is only through the predominance and supremacy of Great Britain in South Africa that true liberty can be maintained and peace made permanent, and that it is absolutely necessary, in the interests of white and black races alike, that Imperial control should, for some years to come, at least, be continuous and effective. (4) That this Presbytery is deeply concerned at the attacks which have been made in this colony on the character and policy of Sir Alfred Milner, Her Gracious Majesty's representative in South Africa, and desires to express its high appreciation of his personal integrity, of the fairness of his administration, and of his earnest desire since he came to South Africa to protect and to promote by peaceful methods the interests of the Empire. (5) That this Presbytery would earnestly appeal to the Presbyterian Church throughout the Empire to support the Imperial Government by its prayers and sympathy and help in striving for those principles of liberty and equality and justice for which our Church has striven and suffered all through its history."

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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Home Secretary.....	Mrs. C. B. Bradley
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Home Secretary.....	Mrs. W. J. Wilcox
	576 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....	Young Ladies' Branch
	Miss Grace Goodhue, 1722 Geary Street.

From Micronesia.

Kusaie, Caroline Islands, May 26, 1899.

My Dear Friends: I would that time and strength would permit me to write a long letter to every one of you, but as I cannot I hope you will "take the will for the deed," and accept this joint letter. How liberal you all have been! God bless you, every one, and give to you all the joy that comes to a cheerful giver. How many unknown friends I feel. I have found and become acquainted with the past year, through your letters and gifts. Now I know you would like to know what use we will find for so many things. Can you imagine hundreds and hundreds of people, who do not know what it is to receive a token of love? Who have not known of a Christmas which told of peace on earth and good will toward men? There are many children who do not know that there is such a thing as a doll. How some of our own girls, when they first came to school and received one for Christmas, have cuddled it up in their arms! The motherly instinct seems to be the same wherever we go. They gazed at it as if no one had ever possessed such a treasure before. As our girls about all have one now, we will only keep a few of the larger ones for family dolls. The rest that came in the boxes this year will probably take a trip on the Morning Star when she goes to the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, and delight the hearts of some of the small boys and girls, who have so little to brighten their lives. Books, scrap books and picture cards! I am so glad there are so many of them! How Micronesian people do love pictures! In fact, I think they never tire of them. The babies and younger children will rejoice over pretty, new calico dresses. The tennis flannel, etc., will be kept for the use of our own school-girls, to be used for sleeping gowns and dresses for sick ones when they feel chilly. I have had people open their eyes in astonishment at the idea of wanting flannel down here—only five degrees north of the equator. But people with rheumatism, in a climate where it rains almost every day, find it is the only safeguard against it. Our teachers, who only receive a salary of fifty dollars a year, will be very grateful to you for helping them out, with their writing paper, envelopes, pencils, thread, pins, needles, etc.

The work bags will be just the thing to keep them in.

Each year we make out a list of the teachers' names and then divide the contents of the different boxes between our schools and the teachers in the islands. They, no doubt, divide again what they have received amongst their scholars. They are so very unselfish. In the islands we often hear of this or that one who would go to church if they had a dress to wear. So you see how nice it is to have some extra gifts of calico to give away to deserving ones. The usual dress is only a fringe or mat fastened around the waist or hips. Forty-eight girls in our house have to be kept covered with calico quilts. The patch work, without doubt, has come to the right house. I wish you could see how very nicely the girls sew. Some of them hem and darn beautifully. The rule is, "Learn to sew well by hand before using the machine."

Saturday is our visiting day, or I had better say, the boys' calling day, when the young men from the Marshall and Gilbert schools have the privilege of calling at our girls' school. The different games that have come down this year will greatly aid in making these Saturday afternoons pleasant ones.

Micronesia does not look like a very large place on the map, but there are a number of thousands of souls living down here, whom we are trying to lead out of darkness into the light. They have to learn how to live and how to love before much can be done for them. Little deeds of kindness accomplish much. The thought that people in America remember them with gifts, think of them, care for and pray for them, does much toward helping this great and glorious work on. I shall try to write a few words to every one who has so kindly sent me words of cheer. I have tried to keep an account of all gifts received by me. Some of the packages were simply sent to Mr. Frear, so they will, no doubt, be distributed in Micronesia somewhere, but you may not hear from some of them. I notice in some of the letters that you speak of meeting Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Price. I take it that you think of Micronesia as one large place, and forget that there is more than mission station down here. The principal ones are Kusaie and Ruk. But here at Kusaie we are seven hundred miles from Ruk, and as the ocean is between us, and no direct way of communicating with our friends, we do not hear from them any oftener than you do in the homeland, even though we do all live in Micronesia.

I am going to ask the editor of The Pacific to print this letter, and send copies to all who have so kindly contributed gifts to our missionary cause. I most gratefully acknowledge receiving boxes from the W. B. M. P., packed by Sadler & Co., San Francisco; W. B. M. P., (Southern Branch), Los Angeles churches,

Cloverdale Gleaners, and Rio Vista church. Packages sent by express or mail were received from the following: Ladies' Aid and Juniors, National City; Junior C. E., Berkeley; Junior C. E., Sonoma; Junior C. E., Weaverville; Miss M. Barret, Pasadena; Corona church; Congregational church, Jamul; Claremont church; Nordhoff church; Ladies' Missionary Society, Riverside; Alameda King's Daughters; Mrs. M. P. Lyman, Riverside; Woman's Missionary Society, Escondido; Sewing School, Olivet church, Los Angeles; and Mrs. Merritt, Oakland, Cal. I hope I have not overlooked any one. With many thanks, and again God bless you all for all you have done in His name.

Your sister in the missionary cause,

Louise E. Wilson.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the W. B. M. P., which was held April fourth, at Headquarters, Mr. Frear spoke of the sale of the "Morning Star." She was badly in need of repairs, eight thousand dollars having already, at various times, been spent on her; and now she could not be put in order for less than five thousand dollars. The "Star" was in service sixteen years. The question is being discussed as to whether a larger vessel should not be built to take her place, the new one, perhaps, to be of steel.

Mr. Frear showed some beautiful baskets and mats, made by the natives of the Gilbert Islands, which had been sent to him to sell for the benefit of the schools on those islands. One case of them is to be sent to the First Church, Oakland, where people on that side of the bay may see them and purchase. The others will doubtless soon be disposed of in San Francisco. There were also some pretty shells for sale. Any of these would make very acceptable Easter gifts.

Miss Denton and Miss Alice Adams are expected on the "China," which should arrive April 7th. It is hoped that Miss Denton may be at the next quarterly meeting, to tell us of her work in Japan.

Mrs. A. P. Peck was appointed one of the delegates to the Ecumenical Conference.

The First church, San Francisco, reported twelve dresses made for the girls under Mrs. Dorward's care, in the Zulu Mission.

As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and falling leaves, and grows out of its decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.

The more faith men have in God the more faith they will have in one another

Guard well thy thoughts, for thoughts are heard in heaven.

Ruth's Easter Idea.

Colored eggs (curiously stained by boiling them with pieces of red and green calico, the best paint and artist Tommy's mother could command) were cooling on a plate in the kitchen window, and were forgotten for the moment in Tommy's delight over a bevy of birds, who really seemed to have come for a regular Easter call. No doubt they were very hungry, as buds and berries and seed vessels were under an April snow; but all the same it was a curious and rare sight—so many, so tame, and so fearless. Robert and Ruth looked on, sharing, with the mother, Tommy's excitement and delight. But there was, now and then, a little smile on Ruth's face, that had nothing to do with the birds. It looked very much as if she had "a secret" (something Ruth was particularly fond of), and so she had.

This Easter came on Sunday, and this Sunday happened to come on the 13th of April, and the 13th of April chanced to be Ruth's mother's birthday. And on that very morning a beautiful moth (some of you would call it a butterfly) with soft, feathery wings of a lovely Indian yellow, and two beautiful round "eye-spots" on its wings, had broken its prison cell and come to make itself an Easter offering and a birthday gift. Butterflies and moths were as much a delight to Ruth as birds were to Tommy or rabbits to Robert. She raised them from the tiniest eggs you ever saw, and the secret of the curious smile I spoke of was a funny thought that came over her about these eggs.

"What if I should boil one for an Easter egg, and have to get my microscope for them all to see it!"

But however small the egg, the moth was almost as large as a humming-bird; and just to think it should sleep in its rough, brown prison tomb six long months, to come out an Easter surprise and birthday gift in one.

So when the birds had finished their breakfast, Ruth brought in her surprise, handing the prisoner in his glass cage to her mother, and saying: "Here is your Easter, mother. Let us believe it was sent to comfort us, and make us more certain that out of darkness light and beauty can come."

Glad tears stood in the eyes of Ruth's mother, as she kissed her darling child and said:

"Yes, we will be 'more certain,' and never forget him who is the 'Resurrection and the Life' of all who trust in him.—[Julia P. Ballard, in Presbyterian.

The Concord grape is known wherever grapes are known. Its originator was Ephraim Wales Bull of Concord, Massachusetts. In honor of him a remembrance meeting is to be held next Monday in that historic town. The invitation cards were embossed with the representation of a bunch of grapes.

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Prof. John H. Kerr, D.D.

The Centurion's Servant Healed (Luke vii: 1-10).

LESSON IV. April 22, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him"* (Ps. ciii:13).

Introduction.

Parallel passage: Matthew viii: 5-13.

Time: About May, 28 A D

Place: Capernaum.

Since the last lesson: According to the scheme advocated in these lessons, and set forth in the introduction to the last lesson, this present incident took place some time earlier than the healing of Jairus' daughter. It followed immediately upon the delivery of the Sermon on the Mount. This is the place assigned it by both Luke and Matthew, and it is to be regretted that in the arrangement of these lessons it was not placed before the last lesson, where it properly belongs.

The divisions of the chapters in the English version are in a number of cases misleading. This is especially true here, for v. 1 is plainly not the introduction to the incident following, but the conclusion to what precedes, and should have been closely connected with vi: 49.

Critical Notes.

V. 1. The sayings referred to were those of the Sermon on the Mount. That sermon was delivered probably in the first place, for the instruction of those who had become the followers of Christ; but it was also in the hearing of a great multitude of people. When he had finished that great discourse the Master came down from the mountain and entered once more into Capernaum.

V. 2. The centurion was the commander of a company of one hundred soldiers. The one in question here was probably a Roman, certainly not a Jew (see v. 9). Herod Antipas was ruler in Galilee at the time, and this centurion was an officer in his army. It is evident that he was of a higher class than the ordinary soldiers of his day. There is no evidence that he had become a proselyte to Judaism, but he had certainly been attracted to the pure monotheism of the Jewish people. The Romans were pantheistic, but many had become disgusted with pantheism. To such the monotheistic worship and religion of the Jews was very attractive. This centurion "had become in some degree attracted to Judaism (v. 5), and was an illustration of the great truth which Luke delights to exhibit, that Gentile and Jew alike share in the blessings of the kingdom." This centurion's servant, for whom he had a real affection, was on the point of dying—would have done so, had it not been for the intervention of Jesus. Matthew informs us that

his trouble was paralysis. Matthew's "grievously tormented" is the equivalent of Luke's expression.

V. 3. A resident in Capernaum, the centurion soon heard of Jesus' works. And when anxiety concerning his servant entered his home, it was natural for him to look for aid in whatever quarter he could find it. But inasmuch as he was not a Jew, it seemed more appropriate for him to send a message to Jesus by Jews. These elders would naturally be prominent citizens. The request was that Jesus would come and save (the Greek word really means "bring safe through") his servant.

V. 4. The bearers of this message made it a personal matter, and urged upon Jesus the worthiness of the suppliant. The earnestness with which they pressed the matter on Jesus was evidence of their high regard for the Centurion.

V. 5. The building of a synagogue at his own expense was an evidence that "he loveth our nation." Plummer says, "This would hardly be said of one who was a proselyte. He had learned to admire and respect the pure worship of the Jews and to feel affection for the people who practised it. This would be all the more likely if he were in the service of the Herods rather than that of heathen Rome."

V. 6. Matthew's account seems to imply that the centurion had met and spoken to Jesus. Luke is more accurate and gives more closely the circumstances. As soon as the man found his request was being answered by the approach of Jesus another feeling asserted itself. It seemed to him that he was not worthy to receive such a favor from Jesus. It may be that he thought of the law among the Jews which forbade their polluting themselves by entering a Gentile house, and thus he would protect Jesus against such uncleanness. It was a delicate tribute to a Jewish feeling.

V. 7. But he felt that he himself was unworthy. He accordingly proposed that Jesus should save himself even the visit by speaking the word which would heal the sick one. "The word is to be the instrument with which the healing is to take place, instead of Jesus' coming in person."

V. 8. To enforce the matter the Centurion uttered the words of this verse. "I know from personal experience what a word from one in authority can do. A word from my superiors secures my obedience, and a word from me secures the obedience of my subordinates. Thou, who art under no man, and hast authority over unseen powers, hast only to say the word and the sickness is healed."

V. 9. When we consider the full reach of meaning in the words of the centurion, we need not be surprised that Jesus "marvelled at

him." It was an occasion for such. Among all the Jews Jesus had not yet met a case where there had been such unflinching faith in his ability. The man's faith in Jesus' power was such that he believed he could act at a distance as well as if present. There is no more similarity between this and the silly "absent treatment" of the so-called Christian Scientists than between day and night. Well might the Savior preface his words to the multitudes with his customary solemn introduction to some special utterance: "Verily (Matt. viii: 10) I say unto you." Such faith in his supernatural powers had not been expressed before this time. And how strange that this should have been found not in a Jew, but in a Gentile! Too often it happens that faith is not found in the quarters in which we would most naturally expect it.

V. 10. When the messengers returned to the centurion's home, they found not simply that the servant was healed but that he was "in good health."

Some Teachings in this Lesson.

1. Faith is an absolutely indispensable element in the Christian's life.
2. The sympathies of Jesus are as deep as the needs of man, and he fully appreciates any act of humble faith.
3. The object to which and the manner in which one gives is indicative of his character.
4. The most fitting garb in which to approach Jesus is that of humility.

En Voyage.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breezes
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows—that wind is best.

—Mrs. Caroline A. Mason, in "The Lost Ring."

Your souls are a picture gallery. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect—the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Serving God Joyously (Matt. xxii: 1-14).

Topic for April 22d.

The degree of joyousness in our lives depends upon what we are and not upon what we possess; upon our treatment of our circumstances and not upon their domination of us. If this is not the most important truth to be learned by young people, it is one of very great value. One of the richest facts of the Christian life is that "we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." Study Rom. viii: 31-39, and notice that this triumph does not refer to the experiences of the future world; but the victory is an every-day affair. Real conquerors are not gloomy; they do not worry; they are not troubled with the blues. Every Christian may be a conqueror—a constant victor over the affairs of every-day occurrence. Hence, as in no other life, the follower of Jesus Christ has the opportunity of carrying with him under all circumstances the air of joyous service.

* * *

Whether the "wedding garment" spoken of in Matthew's account of the parable of the marriage feast can be properly interpreted as meaning joyousness, is to be seriously doubted. But the whole passage presents to us the great importance of rightly viewing the experiences to which our Lord calls us. We must not fail to note the gradation in this picture. There are those who received the invitation with a broad guffaw, turned on their heels and went whistling off to farm or store. It would appear that that class must have been a very large one, since we have so many of them left in our own time. Then there were those who were so annoyed and incensed by having the call of the king pressed upon their notice, that they made the messengers feel the consequences. But a third class seems to have been the most objectionable of all. I do not know why we have only a single individual brought before us. Whether it is because such persons are rare, or that we may more clearly see its suggestive outline, we may not confidently affirm. But this is plain. The man who heeded the invitation sufficiently to respond with his presence, but thought so little of its importance as to neglect to present himself in harmony with the occasion, drew down upon himself the severest condemnation of them all. The tragedy of this parable is to be located at this point: "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him out into outer darkness; there shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth."

* * *

Joyousness of service is not to be looked upon as a duty so much as it is to be considered the sure result of the right kind of Ch-

tian life. You cannot manufacture real joy any more than you can weave sunshine. You can laugh and sing and joke artificially; but that is not joy—often it is the saddest of all sorrow. Right Christian life cannot be otherwise than joyous, any more than the sun can avoid shining. If groans and grumbling and complaints and sluggish steps mark our service for God, we have not merely missed our duty, but we have misconceived the invitation of our Lord. It is one thing to take up the Christian life because we do not wish to go to perdition; but it is infinitely different to be eager for the experiences which are promised us in the discipleship of our Savior. There may be a gloomy religious experience, but there can no more be a gloomy Christian experience than there can be a cold blaze or an opaque illumination.

* * *

First, then, serving God joyously will follow a thorough study of the promises of God. Whenever our hopes appear to be dying away or our experiences to stop growing, our souls need to be irrigated with the streams of God's promise. Great ideals of what God is already doing in us and for us are the requisite for these joyful expenditures. Men are willing to enter upon a toilsome career of a quarter of a century or more for the harvest of a few thousand dollars. But the harvests of Christian service begin with the efforts. To the man with the right expectancy, heaven begins very much sooner than many think. There is no strange mystery about this subject. You and I can have in kind, if not in degree, just what we work for. We are having exactly what we are seeking. Trouble in the Christian life comes for hoping for one thing and working for another. No disciple will render joyous service to God whose back is towards his prayers.

* * *

Besides this there is the value of joyous methods in our service. These are more within our choice and culture. Many are really joyous in serving God who show it very little. Here is where our will and watchfulness ought to be exercised. Many a man has a good voice for music who never took the pains to bring it out. Cheerful tones and expressive words and inspiring testimony lie largely within our own control. In our Christian experience many of us live like an English lord behind high walls. It may be delightful inside, but those outside cannot know or be moved by it. We need lower fences around our experiences. We ought to have larger windows in our souls for the sake of others.

There are strings in the harp of every life, which, though covered with dust, give out music when the wings of truth stir the air.

Easter, Its Eggs and Legends.

As Easter represents a new birth into the best life of all, it is easily seen how the pagan idea, that the egg was the beginning of all kinds of life, should become purified in the minds of the Christians, and accepted as the typical offering of good wishes and emblematic of pleasant hopes, between believers, of the glad Easter Day. The egg in some form or other has been the unquestioned type of the new life from the very dawn of the Christian era.

In Russia as early as 1589, eggs colored red, typifying the blood of Christ shed as an atonement for our sins, were the most treasured of exchanges at Easter. Every believer went abroad at this season with his pockets well supplied with Easter eggs, as the society man of to-day attends to his well-filled card-case. When two Russians met for the first time during the Easter holidays, if they had not met on the day itself, the belated Easter compliments were passed, first by solemnly shaking hands in silence; then the elder (or the younger, if he outranked the elder) would say, "The Lord is risen," and his companion would reply, "It is true"; then they kissed each other and ceremoniously drew from their respective pockets the Easter emblem, and exchanged eggs.

The Chinese claim that the world was formed of the two parts of an enormous egg. From the yolk of the egg stepped forth the human being whom they call Poon-koo-Wong; he then waved his hand and the upper half of his late castle, the egg shell, went upward and became the concave heavens of blue; the lower half fell reversed, making the convex earth, and the white albumen became the seas.

The Syrians believed also that the gods from whom they claimed descent were hatched from mysteriously laid eggs. Hence we infer that our present custom of offering the Easter egg emblem has the heathen legends for its origin; in fact all our most precious festivals come down from similar sources, but purified with the light of Christianity.—[Kenziah Shelton, in the Chautauquan.

Whom Say Ye That He Is?

This is the story that the sages tell:

In those days when the world was black with hate,
And hearts of men were crushed beneath the weight
Of selfishness, a Being came to dwell
With men, so mild the smile of him could quell
The beast in man, and hold it subjugate
To noble things; so simple, yet so great
That men beheld, and then in worship fell.

Whom say ye that he is? What do ye say

Was born upon that night we celebrate,

A great-souled man, or God come from above?

What was it in that lowly manger lay?

Well may the world pour out glad songs elate—

For it was love born there, and God is Love.

—Womankind.

Home Circle.

The Message of the Skies.

BY MRS. C. W. B. BARKER.

O gladsome message of the skies!

The grandeur of your boundless blue

Bids us from earthly cares arise

To pierce your lucent azure through;

To seek with olden mysteries

That grant to us a vain, vague clew.

Aye, bend in benediction o'er

An earth-born, restless, weary throng;

Yet leave for each an open door

To come and hear the angels' song,

Above the tumult, rush and roar

That to this earthly life belong.

O beauty of the boundless blue!

That doth its inner meaning hold;

Infinity—its symbol true—

As year by year "secrets" unfold!

The old-time message coming through,

Of "peace, good will"—so long foretold—

When Christ shall every heart renew,

And, face to face, God's Son behold,

'And every eye his glory view.

Napa, March, 1900.

The Child and the Rising Day, a True Incident of an Easter.

HELEN S. THOMPSON.

"And they knew Him by His Love."

It was nearing three o'clock of Easter afternoon when a woman clad in deepest mourning entered the gates of the beautiful cemetery on Walnut Hill. Her attitude as she sank upon a carefully tended mound denoted deep dejection. She had not yet learned that "the tree of death is fruited with the love of God," nor the joy of the "afterward" of sorrow. As she turned to leave the grave, Easter seemed but mockery. "There are no angels. There is no one to roll the stone away. Oh, that he were here to raise my dead, if the story be not a myth," she said, bitterly.

In the distance sat a child upon a grave alone. Coming nearer, the woman recognized him as one who had never known a mother, and whose father also had died a few weeks before, leaving the boy without kindred. The love between that father and child had been passing sweet. The bereaved lady knew this, and that he had been left homeless, yet absorbed in her own grief, had given him little thought. As she drew near she observed closely the rare beauty of the boy, scarcely five years of age. Genius and nobility were stamped on his brow, and a pathetic tenderness marked the mobile lips. He looked up eagerly and asked fearlessly: "Is your name Mary? Are you the lady who talked with the angels when the stone was rolled away?"

"Oh, no, dear," she replied. "Who are you looking for?"

"For Jesus," said the boy, reverently.

"But he is not here. He is risen."

"Yes, I know that's it, but I've been waiting here all day for him to come and rise my papa up. It's late, and I thought maybe he sent you to tell me to wait a little, just as he sent Mary to tell his disciples, you know," said the boy, wistfully.

"Yes, dear, but"—hesitating to shatter the child's beautiful faith.

"I'm tired," pathetically, "but it's never too late for Jesus," he added bravely, while a tear rolled down the velvet cheek.

"He's sure to come, 'cause it's the Rising day," exultingly. "Don't you 'member?"

The woman stooped to kiss the child and began to sob violently, sitting down upon the grave beside him.

"What makes you cry, lady? Is your papa here to be risen up?"

"No, no, darling, but my child."

"Don't cry, then," stroking the lady's hand. "Jesus never goes by Rising day. He'll surely come and give your child and me my papa! He'll come to-night. I saw the two men from Emmaus go by early this morning, and they will be walking back soon in the evening, and Jesus will meet them and turn and walk with them, and they will all be talking gently about the dying and the rising. The men will not know him but I shall, and he will stop here when I call him and rise papa up!"

"How will you know him, dear boy?"

"By his smile and the transfiguration picture that papa showed me in his study. But I'll know him bestest in here," placing his hand on his breast, "by the love!"

"Will you know your papa? Are you sure?"

"My papa!" with wondering ecstatic voice.

"My own papa! I shall know him by the love, and you your child. They will not look the same, 'cause Jesus didn't, but they know him by his love!"

"Yes?"

"And we'll know them by our love," lingering fondly on the repetition, with lustrous, far-seeing gaze.

The woman clasped the child in her arms with a passionate embrace, while rising to meet a supreme hour. The child must not be disappointed and his beautiful faith shattered.

"Philip, she said, listen! The angel sent me to tell you that Jesus had gone into heaven and to take you to your papa. Come!"

Without a moment's hesitation the child took his messenger's hand and passed out of the gates, looking not backward by a glance. Expectation held him silent, while the woman's face was illumined by a great light. Entering the door of a pleasant home she passed on through the hall into the dining-room, saying to the maid: "Bring some food for this dear child; he has fasted all day."

A pitcher of milk, bread and honey were set beside a plate of cold, broiled fish.

"Now I know this is the house," exclaimed

the boy exultingly, "for they had the fish and the bread and the honey! It's all here, just the same, and He'll come to-night!"

Turning swiftly to the hall the woman almost flew along the corridor to meet her husband's steps. She drew him aside to tell him with rapture of her strange encounter and the sweet expectancy below.

"Now, Harold, heaven has sent us a child, who shall be the angel to roll the stone from our grave. His wonderful vision must not be darkened. Rise, my husband, to the most glorious hour of your life. 'I shall know him by the love,' he said. Let us see that he does."

Returning for the child and extending her arms, he eagerly asked: "Will you wash and comb my hair to meet my papa? It is not too late yet, is it?"

The sweet voice was half a sob, but full of hope. Its ineffable trust pierced her heart, while reassuring him with swift, tender touches and tones.

"Come, Philip, we will go to him," she cried, tremblingly.

The door opened upon a winning, noble-faced man, smiling with outstretched arms upon the boy, though traces of tears were on his cheeks. The child hesitated a moment, took one step forward, then leaped into the open arms, threw his head back and gazed with lustrous, questioning eyes.

"You don't look like my papa, quite."

"No?" anxiously.

"'Cause you are changed. But I know you by the love and you know me, don't you?"

"By the love, dear boy," with shining eyes and marble lips.

The child nestled down upon the man's breast, his chest heaving, while the father stroked the soft curls and soothed him with every imaginable word known to love's alphabet, and finally, crooning a cradle song, the tired little one sank to sleep. His faith was saved "by the love," and by it, also, she who had groped blindly among the tombs had found her Easter.—[Congregationalist.

Not Very Sorry.

A little child has given us a peep into the process by which the polite lie is developed. Mamma was talking to Effie about the absence of Edith from the children's party. "You are sorry," said mamma, "that Edith could not come?" Effie replied, having enjoyed herself, "Oh, I don't mind much." To which mamma rejoined: "But Edith is ill; that is why she couldn't come. You must be sorry." Effie considered. "Yes, of course, I'm sorry," she said, "but it doesn't hurt me—inside."—[London Chronicle.

Our life is like Alpine countries, where winter is found by the side of summer, and where it is but a step from a garden to a glacier.

Children's Easter.

Break the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone;
Death shall be no longer.

Far away good angels drive
Night and sin and sadness;
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
With her dear Lord's gladness.

Open, happy buds of spring,
For the sun has risen!
Through the sky sweet voices ring,
Calling you from prison.

Little children dear, look up!
Toward his brightness pressing;
Lift up every heart; a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

—Lucy Larcom.

Student Williard's Surprise.

"Say girls, what is the best way to observe Easter Sunday?" exclaimed Clara, as she and her Sunday-school classmates were assembled in the back parlor of her father's stately mansion, at Kensington Common.

"Well, what a question!" ejaculated two or three of her companions.

"Why, I think it a perfectly legitimate question," continued Clara.

"And one that will bear discussion," remarked Edith.

"How is that?" queried Mary.

"Why, any question which admits of an honest difference of opinion, between two or more persons is a debatable one, isn't it?" replied Edith.

"Yes, I suppose it is," responded Mary, "but I never heard of any particular way to celebrate Easter Sunday, except by playing with eggs in some manner; did any of you, girls?"

"Well," responded Ella, "I don't know as I ever heard of any, except the egg method; but I have heard of several different forms of that. Therefore, a debate as to the best method using eggs as a means of Easter observance, I suppose, would be perfectly in order."

"Girls," exclaimed Grace, "I think this rather an informal method of discussing this question; besides, it appears to me you are not treating the questioner with proper respect. Now, let us appoint two debaters on each side, and one chairman, leaving the other five to act as judges, thus doing the subject the justice due it."

"Well, little sister," responded Edith, "you have certainly demonstrated your ability to engage eloquently on one side of this important controversy."

"Is not my proposition a wise one?" asked Grace.

"Girls," interrupted Clara. "I really was sincere when I presented this question. I hoped some of you would have some suggestion, or could tell us of some particular man-

ner in which you had known the day to have been celebrated, differently from the common, old-fashioned method. To be candid, I have been thinking that, as a Sunday-school class, we might invent some new method by which we might observe the day pleasantly, and, at the same time, do something nice for some one else."

"Well, Clara," remarked Low, "I for one do not quite understand you, I think, but I should like to get your idea, for I'm sure that we ought to begin to feel that we are no longer children, yet not too old to enjoy ourselves in some pleasant way."

"I was a member of a Sunday-school before coming to Kensington," resumed Clara, "where they made Easter Sunday an especial Missionary Day, for the school, by getting a large egg, made of some white material. Each class in the school was expected to collect all the money it could, and put into an envelope, which was to be slipped into the egg on Easter morning. After lessons were done the Superintendent, or some one appointed for the occasion, would deliver a brief address, after which the egg was broken, the money counted, and the class contributing the largest sum was presented with a banner, which it retained until some other class would win it in the same way. This seemed to me a combination of real pleasure and substantial good."

"Well, good classmate," replied Low, "would you recommend to Mr. Finikin the adoption of such a course in Kensington Common Sunday-school?"

"I hardly think I would dare recommend anything to him," answered Clara, "but I think some of us might speak to the minister about doing something, on Easter morning, different from all other Sundays. I really wish some of you would suggest something you think would be good to do that day, which would be in some sense a proper recognition of the day."

"Well," remarked Alice, "I am free to confess I don't know anything about the character of the day, and I have always been used to having a sort of egg play, at home, on Easter morning; but I never knew why on that day, rather than any other, we children colored eggs, or any of us who happened to be very fond of them should be allowed one or two extra for breakfast. I may have asked mamma or nurse, sometime, but if so I suppose they never told me. At any rate, I don't know."

"Well, Alice, you are certainly frank," remarked Helen, "but I expect if we were honest enough to acknowledge it, you have told the story for most of us."

"She has for me," responded several voices at once.

"Jessie," exclaimed Edith, "we have not heard from you to-day; what have you to re-

commend, my very sedate sister, upon this profound question?"

"Edith," exclaimed Clara, with a tinge of crimson in her cheek, "I'm afraid you are really making sport of my question; now, if you prefer not to discuss it, why, we'll just drop it and try to find something more pleasant."

"Clara, I beg your pardon; I certainly had no thought of treating the matter with disrespect. I may have been too giddy in my remarks, but Clara, dear, I am sorry to have hurt your feelings—"

"No, no, Edith, you did not hurt my feelings; but I began to fear I had introduced an uninteresting subject, and because you were my guests you did not feel free to dismiss it," interrupted Clara, before Edith finished.

"That's all, girls; I have the floor, and am not disposed to yield it for apologies nor explanations, at present," she continued, assuming a very dignified air, a thing she could do to perfection on occasion. "I wish to say, first, I'm in most perfect accord with what I believe to be our kind hostess' idea upon this question, and shall feel myself called upon, when occasion provides the opportunity, to emphasize my position by whatever method may appear most expedient. Secondly, I do not believe it wise to speak to either Mr. Finikin or the minister upon the subject, at present."

"What would your royal highness recommend?" responded Edith.

"Well, Clara's story of the missionary egg set me to thinking. We all know Mr. Willard is trying to work his way through college, as a preparation for the ministry. I think he is having a hard time of it. I overheard Professor Langley and papa talking. You know papa is president of the board of trustees, and sometimes Professor Langley comes to see him and talk about the theological school, and I happened to hear him say he was very much afraid Mr. Willard would not be able to finish this year for want of means. Now, if we, his Sunday-school class, could only get up one of Clara's large egg donations, and present it to our teacher on that day, and surprise him, wouldn't it be nice?"

"I imagine it would surprise a good many others as well as Mr. Willard," remarked Low, drily.

"Well, my classmates," again remarked Edith, pointing a finger toward Laura, "here is another who seems to be possessed of a dumb spirit, who, becoming suddenly released, and opening her mouth, might wonderfully surprise, as well as enlighten us, with the profundity of her wisdom." Then addressing Laura she continued: "Arouse thee, good sister; let us hear thee."

"I have just been awaiting an opportunity to express myself," replied Laura, and then she continued: "I will assume, Edith, that

you are president of this convention; and will move, Miss President (arising as she spoke), the adoption of the following resolutions, namely:

Resolved, (1) That our class make up an Easter donation for our teacher; and

Resolved, (2) That each member shall begin at once to save and collect funds for this purpose.

Resolved, (3) That our esteemed classmate and hostess be appointed class depository.

Resolved, (4) That our eloquent sister Jessie be appointed to deliver the presentation address to Mr. Willard, in the presence of the Sunday-school on Easter Sunday."

"Miss President," exclaimed Low, rising, "I second the motion to adopt the whole batch."

"Ladies," said Edith, assuming a very dignified mien, "you have heard the motion for the adoption of these resolutions; are you ready for the question?"

The question being called, and also a rising vote, the vote was taken, resulting unanimously for the resolutions.

It was further decided not to let the name of the friend for whom they were preparing the surprise be known when soliciting; also, that all funds on hand be turned over to Clara at the end of each week. She was to open a separate account with each member of the class, and when the funds were turned over to their teacher, to report to the class in a body the amount each member had contributed. Clara made a confidant of her father, and thus secured the coveted large artificial egg, into which each contribution was thrust as soon as counted.

She had several hard struggles with her patience, because of the persistent efforts of some of her classmates to ascertain how much others were contributing from time to time; but she kept faith intact, and no one learned from her how much any other had contributed, until they all together received, on Easter Monday, her official report, when it was found that each had received credit; and it was also shown that sedate Jessie had fulfilled her promise, of emphasizing Clara's idea, by a larger contribution than that of any of her classmates, though not in better circumstances.

That Easter Sunday formed an epoch in the history of Kensington Common Sunday-school. As they entered the room and one after another dropped into her place, it was easily noticeable, to all observers, that the members of Mr. Willard's class wore peculiarly bright and pleasant faces that morning.

In the meantime Clara's father had met the Superintendent and made all the necessary preliminary arrangements. The lessons having all been finished, the Superintendent called Mr. Willard to the platform, inviting him at the same time to be seated a few mo-

ments. The young man, naturally enough, supposed that he was about to be called upon for an address, and immediately began casting about in his mind what he should say, when, behold! his class arising formed a line in single file, and started down the aisle, keeping step to the tones of the beautiful chapel organ, which seemed to understand what was going on.

Everybody present, except the Superintendent, seemed surprised, and none more so than Mr. Willard himself. Clara was at the head of the procession, and as she reached the foot of the aisle her father placed in her hands the egg, and the procession proceeded to the next aisle, where it headed toward the platform, in front of which it halted and faced toward the still seated and now thoroughly amazed teacher.

Then Jessie, stepping a little in advance of the class, and respectfully bowing to the Superintendent, faced her teacher and proceeded to deliver to him her address, in which she paid a glowing tribute to his services as the teacher of the class she represented, and then to his holy aspirations to the gospel ministry. She then briefly outlined the reason for having chosen "the anniversary of Christ's victory over death and the grave, to gladden their own hearts, by trying to increase another's happiness."

Then drawing a small hammer from the folds of her cloak, she placed it in the hand of the Superintendent with instructions to use it when she should give the signal. Then, taking the egg from Clara's hands, and turning again toward her teacher, she begged him to "accept the egging which he was about to receive, as a slight token of the regard which his class bore toward him." She then passed the egg to the Superintendent, saying as she did so, "Break it, please, and bestow the contents upon Mr. Willard."

By a few smart strokes with the diminutive hammer the Superintendent found himself able to get at the contents, which proved to be more than fifty dollars, and all was poured into the bewildered teacher's hands.

The school and spectators could restrain an expression of their admiration within quiet bounds no longer, but expressed their impulse of approval with an outburst of loud and long applause. The happy teacher for the moment was speechless; but at length, while still struggling with his mingled emotions, he arose, and lifting his hand reverently said, "Let us pray," and continued: "O blessed Christ, thou conqueror of death and the tomb, make me worthy of this most unwonted honor, and lead these young spirits into the deepest enjoyments of thy precious love, for thine own name's sake. Amen." Then stepping down before his class, and clasping each of them in turn by the right hand, and, while tears glis-

tened in his manly eyes, said fervently, "May God bless you!"

This ended the program, and teacher and class were soon in their accustomed places; but those ten girls that day sowed seed in many hearts in Kensington Common Sunday-school, which has since brought forth more than one rich harvest for some noble benevolent enterprise.

Church News.

Northern California.

Wyandotte.—Meetings were begun here Monday night by the pastor, Rev. L. Wallace, assisted by Rev. Huber Burr and wife of Cherokee.

Clayton.—At the recent annual meeting the treasurer reported expenditures for the year as follows: General expenses, \$103.73; repairs, \$5.25; benevolence, \$26.50; salary, \$412.15; total, \$547.63.

Byron.—Three from the Sunday-school were received into the church at Byron on confession of faith. Supt. Knodell gave stirring addresses at Byron and Bethany against the saloon lately.

Palermo.—The ministers of Butte county met with this church last week and organized "The Butte Congregational Club," for brotherly fellowship and conference, to meet once a month with the various churches. The next meeting of the club will be at Oroville, Tuesday, May 1st.

Cherokee.—The Salvation Army captain and lieutenant from Oroville held a few meetings in this place and surrounding towns recently, aided by our pastor, who encouraged them to come up and preach their plain truths to the people of this section. The services were well attended and were appreciated by the people.

San Lorenzo.—Evangelist C. S. Billings has been with San Lorenzo church a week. The interest has grown from the first; the meetings have been productive of much good. Many signed cards promising to lead a Christian life. Mr. Billings has a happy and forceful way of illustrating his work with blackboard, and always leaves the work in a good spiritual condition.

Paradise.—Work encouraging, especially among the young people. The Christian Endeavor society is in a flourishing condition, and the attendance at the church services is very good. The pastor has taken up work at Nimshi and at Magalia, where services are held once every two weeks. In his absence from Paradise the service is conducted by lay members, who are becoming well qualified for such work.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Dr. Pond returned last Thursday from his tour of visitation among the Chinese missions in Southern California, having been absent a full month. The Lord's Supper was administered at Bethany church last Sunday. Thirteen persons were received, six on profession. Ten of the thirteen were Chinese believers, and of these no less than five came by letter from churches in China. In the evening the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Chinese mission schools connected with this church was celebrated with an appropriate and highly interesting program. The original addresses delivered by Dong Toy and Wong Gon were rich in suggestions of promise respecting this work. The annual collection for this mission was taken at both services and amounted to about \$170. It will doubtless be largely increased.

Oroville.—The County Christian Endeavor Union met with this church last Saturday, in one of the most successful conventions ever held in this county. Delegates were present in large numbers from the various societies; and from the earnest sunrise prayer-meeting to the close of the consecration service at night, the presence of the Holy Spirit was manifested in a larger degree than is often seen among our young people. Pastor Kidd, who has been suffering from mental strain occasioned by overwork, worry and anxiety, spent a week in Sacramento and vicinity resting and regaining strength to carry on his work during the depressing spring and summer season. He returned in time to assist the young people in making their convention a success; and though as yet far from strong physically, he marched out with them to their street meeting, where he delivered a powerful and earnest appeal to the unsaved to accept Jesus as their Savior. All of the secret orders of Oroville have been invited to attend the Easter service next Sunday night, when the "Brotherhood of Man" will be discussed by the pastor.

Southern California.

Norwalk.—This church has daily services during Passion Week, at which several pastors of other churches are expected to assist.

Los Angeles Park.—Since February 15th eighteen new members have been added to this church, most of them on confession of faith.

La Canada.—The Sunday-school made a generous offering for famine relief. Pastor H. G. Smead regards the work as in a hopeful condition.

Los Angeles, Vernon.—The reports at the recent annual meeting were in general encouraging. The Sunday-school showed a gain in average attendance and in contributions.

Barstow and Daggett.—These desert sta-

tions on the Santa Fe Pacific are supplied for the present by Rev. F. J. Culver. He reports public services well attended, and Sunday-schools well manned.

Los Angeles, East.—Sunday, April 7th, the young people had charge of the evening service. The subject was "India and Her Famine." Papers were read and speeches made concerning the origin, extent and effects of the famine and measures for relief; and a collection was made for the Famine Relief Fund.

Riverside.—Reports at the recent annual meeting showed receipts for the year to have been \$3,355.15; expenses, \$3,294.23. The trustees recommended that the salary of the pastor, Rev. E. F. Goff, be increased to \$1,800 per year, with free parsonage. The membership is now 450. This is the largest in Southern California next to the First of Los Angeles. The enrollment in the Sunday-school is 318. More room is needed for it; indeed, more room is needed for all departments of the church. Although this church has the largest membership of any in Riverside the seating capacity of the church building is smaller than that of many other edifices.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—Friday, April 6th, was Men's Day at the regular meeting of Lake Avenue Church Missionary Society. After devotional exercises by the president, Mrs. S. G. Emerson, the subject, "Turkey," was taken up. A handsome Turkish flag, was one of the decorations. Mr. A. I. Gammon, who was to treat upon the geographical phase, was unavoidably absent, but provided a large wall map. Miss E. Jones gave a brief sketch covering the ground. J. M. Hubbard then gave a historical review of the work of the A. B. C. F. M. in Turkey. W. Waterhouse sang an appropriate solo, "It Belongs to Him." Newton Culver spoke on "Educational Work." Rev. Harvey Jones spoke on "Three Great Centers of Missionary Activity"; Miss Stone sang "Tell It Again." C. H. Longfellow then read a paper on "Elias Riggs, the Senior Missionary of the American Board," drawing from an address by Nehemiah Boynton. Miss Jones, who was to have given a "Missionary Story," yielded her place to Rev. H. Jones, who made a plea for the starving in India. He is raising a fund in connection with the Congregationalist and has already made three remittances. After adjournment Mr. and Mrs. Merwin entertained by serving dainty refreshments. The society much enjoyed meeting them in their beautiful new home. The next meeting will be at Deacon Longfellow's; subject, "India." The meetings are well attended and interesting, drawing out a number of the men of the church.

It will cost something to be religious; it will cost more not to be so.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. Evan P. Hughes, of the Hillsboro church, exchanged with Rev. Morton D. Dunning of the Forest Grove church to-day at the morning service. In the evening Rev. E. R. Severn, a returned foreign missionary, gave an address.

The Dalles church, Rev. D. V. Poling pastor, rejoices in an excellent choir. It is equal, if not superior, to any choir in the State. The pastor takes deep interest in musical matters, and makes much of sacred song. The work in the church in all respects is in a most hopeful and encouraging condition.

Rev. Geo. A. Taggart will continue in his pastorate of Mississippi Avenue church another year, by unanimous consent of his flock. His influence for good is continually widening, and the church is now in a better condition in all respects than ever before.

The East Willamette Association will be held with Plymouth church, Corvallis; the date cannot be given at this time, but presumably on the third Tuesday in April, as that has been the custom for the last two years.

Illness as a result of la grippe has disturbed Rev. John J. Staub, of the Sunnyside church, to such an extent that he was unable to attend to his usual pastoral duties for nearly two weeks.

The subject of Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman's discourse last Sunday evening was Mr. Sheldon's Christian daily newspaper. While as a newspaper Mr. Ackerman considered the effort a failure, as any similar effort must needs be with so short a time in which to operate, yet he gave Mr. Sheldon full credit for sincerity of purpose, and maintained that the discussion growing out of it would do much good in awakening public conscience.

One thing is very certain, and that is that a large proportion of the daily newspapers are unfit to enter the home. They are taken into families, to be sure, but under protest, in numerous cases, with the hope that in some way, some time, there will be something better. How it comes to pass that "news," from the standpoint of many able newspaper men, is considered to be only that which relates to the pulling down of humanity, or the depreciation of the race in morals, the writer can not understand. Thus it comes about that columns are given to a scandalous story—the higher the previous character of the parties involved, the greater the details; or a prize-fight in all its sickening phases; and only a paragraph, brief at that, to movements tending to uplift the race.

Mr. Sheldon's newspaper experiment has been made and the result is before the world. That it would be mercilessly criticised by the secular press was to be expected, since the

average ideal of the secular newspaper man is not much above that of money-making—to make money by legitimate methods if convenient, but at all events to make money. In many quarters it goes without saying that the daily and weekly press is of as high a standard as the people want—in other words, that if the public generally wanted better newspapers the publishers would supply the demand.

Special services will be held every night during Passion Week in the First church of this city, and will be conducted by Mr. Ackerman.

Rev. Geo. A. Taggart recently had gospel meetings in his church for two successive weeks, which resulted in stimulating the membership to a livelier sense of their privilege and duty, and the awakening of a number who before had no special interest in religious matters.

Rev. Edward Curran has tendered his resignation as pastor to the Astoria church and accepted a call to a church in Alaska.

It is with deep regret that your correspondent announces that Rev. Robert W. Farquhar has resigned from the pastorate of Hassalo Street church of this city, the resignation to take effect on May 1st. He has served this church very acceptably for two and a half years, and made many warm friends. It is his purpose to go across the Atlantic to his old home in Scotland, from which he has been absent nineteen years.

Rev. F. W. Parker has resigned from the pastorate of the Albany church. Rev. R. A. Rowley filled the pulpit to-day. What the plans of the church are, or what Mr. Parker has in view, is not known at this time.

A quaint old fragment of a book printed in 1708-10, containing statutes enacted by the General Court of Connecticut, prior to that date, while the colonies were yet under the reign of Queen Anne, recently came into the possession of the writer. For the purpose of showing the contrast between that time and the present the following is quoted literally:

"An Act for appointing Guards to attend on the Sabbath, and other Days of Publick Worship.

"Be it Enacted by the Governour, Council and Representatives, in General Court Assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That there shall be a Guard appointed in every Town and Plantation in this Colony, to attend on the Sabbath, and other days of Publick Worship, compleat in their arms, with Powder and Bullets, at least five Charges for each man; And in every Town where there are One Hundred Souldiers, there shall be twenty to serve on the Guard; and in no Town shall there be less than Eight souldiers and a Sergeant; And the Souldiers that are of the Guard, shall have half a Pound of Powder apiece, allowed them by the Town annually.

"And it is further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That the chief Military officers in every Town, shall call forth so many of their Train Band, as by Order are required to serve on the Guard, to attend that Service.

"Provided, That no person shall be compelled to attend that Service two years together, and the Sergeants of the Guard are to take care that their respective Companies attend the Guard, with their arms well fixed, and with Powder and Bullets according to Law.

"And further it is Enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That if any Souldier of the Guard, shall neglect his duty in attending according to Order with his Arms and Ammunition, he shall forfeit for every day's neglect, being convicted thereof, Two Shillings and Sixpence. And if the Sergeant of the Guard neglect his Duty in seeing that every Souldier of the Guard attend as aforesaid; or in making complaint to Authority of those of his Souldiers that neglect their Duty, he shall forfeit for every day's neglect, being thereof convicted, the sum of Five Shillings; all of which forfeitures shall be returned to the Selectmen, for the Town's use."

Students of course will know that such a law was necessary for protection from the Indians while attending places of worship.

Portland, April 8, 1900.

Washington Letter.

I. Learned.

The pastor-elect of the First church, Tacoma, Rev. W. T. Ford of Harwichport, Mass., is expected in that pulpit on the second Sabbath of May. Rev. S. M. Freeland, who is supplying that church in the interim, is temporarily disabled at his home in Seattle, being laid up with la grippe. He is in hopes of being able to preach again on Easter Sunday, which will be his last for the present with his Tacoma friends, after which he plans to be with the Los Angeles church during Dr. Day's vacation. Supt. Bailey will preach for the Tacoma church on the 8th, and it is expected that for the three Sabbaths prior to the coming of the new pastor the church will be supplied by the three ministers from its membership—Chaplain R. S. Stubbs, Prof. A. P. Powelson and Rev. W. C. Merritt—one Sabbath each.

Two of our Seattle churches were much interested on April 1st by the missionary addresses of Dr. McNaughton of the Western Turkey mission of the A. B. C. F. M. A severe storm interfered in the evening, preventing the attendance of many living at a distance from the church, much to their regret.

Edgewater church is enjoying the best privilege, perhaps, that ever comes to the material interests of such an institution—the successful outcome of an endeavor to become

free from debt. Its last incumbrance of that nature has been paid, greatly to the joy of both pastor and people. Its next great effort is to become free from the gifts of the Home Missionary Society, thus reaching the independency of self-support. We know of another of our churches of the same vicinity which is hoping for a similar condition in the near future.

On the 28th of March the Bethel Congregational church of Forest, Lewis county, was organized, at which service Rev. W. J. Gilbert was assisted by Supt. A. J. Bailey. This seems to have been the result of evangelistic work, at various times, by Pastor Gilbert, in connection with his service at Toledo and Cowlitz Bend, where he has been laboring for two years or more. Twenty persons united in the organization.

The church at Sunnyside in Yakima county is calling for help to renew its work, and if a place for holding Sunday-school and other services can be found it is hoped that something can be undertaken which shall encourage them to begin an aggressive advance which shall lead to permanency to Congregationalism in that vicinity.

The C. S. S. & P. S. has authorized Supt. Greene to employ a missionary for Northern Idaho for the summer months, and Rev. A. R. Johnson, who has recently done so efficient service at Newport and Priest River, on either side of the State line, has accepted the call to that service and began his labors on the first of the month.

Samples of the Children's Day services, from the Sunday-school Society, are already in the hands of the officers of the Sunday-schools of the Coast. It is entitled "The Volunteers." It is hoped that more of the Sunday-schools may order these exercises early, they being offered, as usual, free to all schools who will promise an offering to the Society's missionary work. Whether these services are used or not, it is hoped that none of our schools in these Coast States will neglect to gather an offering on the second Sabbath of June next, for the destitute districts of our land. These services can be procured from the superintendents of their respective States.

Tacoma, April 7th.

Lynn, Mass., will soon celebrate the 250th anniversary of its existence and the fiftieth of its incorporation. The shoe business has made Lynn a populous and prosperous city. There are 130 manufacturers of shoes in that city, and the business amounts to \$30,000,000 a year.

The growth of a child is twice as much the first six years of its life as it is the second six. The seventh year is usually one of rapid growth.

Legend of the Poplar Tree.

MRS. ADA ABBOTT DUNTON.

Stately and beautiful the tall poplar flourished
Long, long ago when this vast world was young;
In regal symmetry, royally nourished,
Fanned by cool breezes and kissed by the sun.

Pointing its branches in mute adoration
Upward to heaven, in glad unvoiced song—
A sentinel strong since its day of creation,
Undaunted and fearless, knowing no wrong.

Sad dawned a day in the annals of story,
When the dear Savior was led forth to die;
While it, despairing, abashed in its glory,
Held His pale, quivering form on Calvary.

Quickly the tremor ran through all its being;
Shivering, its green leaves thrilled with His pain;
Crying, "Oh Father! Thou surely art seeing
How I, unwilling, bear this cruel stain!

"O that I might from my memory sever
This awful deed with its burden of blame!"
Down through the long years, since that day and ever,
Have its leaves trembled and quivered in shame.

Hopeful, cherishing the thought that the Master
Will yet remember its agonized thrill—
Forgiving its part in that dire disaster,
To its sad trembling will say, "Peace, be still!"
Berkeley, Cal.

Bobby's Lily.

Oh, dear, how queer things turn out, sometimes!

You see I had an Easter lily, and Jenny had an Easter lily, and they were both full of buds. Only Jenny's buds were 'most open, and mine were only green. And I didn't want Jenny to have flowers before I did. I always want to get ahead of Jenny, 'cause—well, I don't know why, but I do.

I asked mamma what made flowers open, and she said, "Sunshine and warm rain." So I set my lily on the window-sill in the sun, but I couldn't think where to find any warm rain.

Then I heard the tea-kettle singing away on the stove, and I thought what a nice, warm rain it would make to pour the water out of the spout on my lily, and so I could have flowers when Jenny didn't.

But what do you s'pose? Just as soon as it felt the water from the tea-kettle spout, that lazy old lily began to curl up, and wilt, and wither, till it was all dead, leaves, and buds, and all!

I didn't cry much, 'cause I'm seven years old: but I tell you I felt bad! And Jenny said: "Don't cry! you can have all my flowers. I'd rather you would than keep 'em myself—honestly."

But that didn't make me feel a bit better, 'cause, you know, then I felt 'shamed!—
[Youth's Companion]

Necessity is the priceless spur.

A great opportunity will only make you ridiculous unless you are prepared for it.

THE SICK CHILD.

Of the minor details of the sick child, that which most impresses the untrained observer is the fashion in which the nurse gives a look to the patient who must be kept in a recumbent position. The ordinary lay attendant, whose sole object of the operation is to lift the sick person to a half or at least better sitting posture, looks on in wonder and admiration while the nurse slips her hand under the sick child's head, inclines it ever so slightly forward, and holds the fullness to his lips. In cases of heart weakness, where the safety of the patient may depend upon keeping him flat on his back, such a knack of giving nourishment is indispensable.

More difficult to acquire than this is the trick of changing the patient on a bed without distressing the patient. In order to do this, the soiled sheet is loosened at one end of the bed, and folded in a compact roll close to the patient. The clean sheet is tucked or pinned down in place of that which has been removed, and after being drawn over the uncovered part of the mattress, is also folded in a roll close to the rolled soiled sheets. The child has been turned on his side, the rolled sheets are turned against his back: He is now turned on his other side, both sheets are drawn from under him, the soiled sheet is whisked off the bed, and the clean covering fastened down in its place. When the patient is very ill he may be lifted by two nurses, while a third draws out the sheets. *Harper's Bazar.*

Our Lord said, "The harvest is great, the laborers are few; ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send laborers to his harvest." May he answer our prayer, not only by calling in laborers into his harvest fields, but also by making us more diligent and devoted. Thrust in the sword, for the time is short!

The *No-License Advocate*, Danville, Va., nominates Joshua Leving of Baltimore as Prohibition candidate for President in 1900.

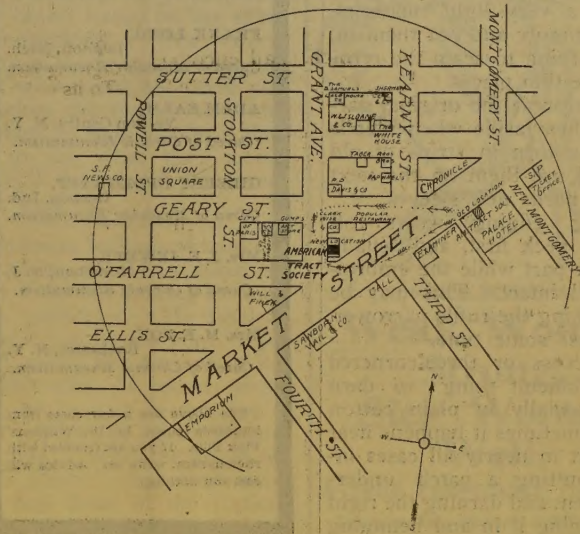
The American Tract Society

HAS REMOVED TO

16 Grant Avenue

Bet. Market and Geary Streets

San Francisco



A Glance at the Map

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Household.

NOTES ON MENDING AND PATCHING.

Notwithstanding the cheap rates at which all kinds of cotton underwear may be obtained, it is oftentimes necessary to mend a garment, and it is well worth while to know the neatest and easiest way of so doing.

Sleeves of night-dresses and night-shirts often wear thin at the elbow long before the other portions show any signs of giving out, and a restless sleeper will rend them from wrist to shoulder. While it may not be wise, in some instances, to put new cloth on an old garment, it does pay to make new sleeves of a very light material, trim them simply and put them in, instead of trying to seam the rents or patch the thin places.

If they outwear the original garment, lay them aside when that is ready to be torn in strips of old cotton, and use them on the next one which needs new sleeves.

Hamburg edging wears off around the neck first, and usually in the plain part while the embroidery is still intact. This may be cut off, making the ruffle narrower, and will last some time.

• A criss-cross or three-cornered tear is a difficult thing to darn neatly, especially in plain cotton goods. Sometimes it happens near a seam, but in nearly all cases instead of putting a patch underneath the rent and darning the right side or turning it in and hemming it around in a circular shape, put the patch on the right side. Cut it in square or rectangular shape, and if near the top of a gore, or by a seam, let one side of the patch go into the seam. Turn the edges un-

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der neatly, and baste it on, being careful to have it the same way of the cloth as that on which it is laid. Then stitch it on close to the edge, the same as if it were facing on a pocket or any other outside portion. Cut the cloth away underneath, leaving just enough seam to overcast.

It may seem unnecessary to remind any one of so simple a rule as this, that patches must be the same way of the cloth as that to be patched, but a recent experience impresses me with the fact that not even all professional seamstresses know it, or if they know it they do not always follow it.

Silk linings in dress sleeves are of short duration, and patches are often needed, especially at the wrist and elbow. Everyone knows how uncomfortable a poorly fitted elbow will make the most perfect sleeve, and especially in these days of tight sleeves. But if you wish to add to your discomfort, try to wear one which has had the lining repaired with a new piece put on at an angle of ninety degrees or of true with the outside. If you have had that experience from the carelessness of your seamstress you will realize anew the need of training schools in sewing.

Fine, close stitches are all right

place, but there are times when they are wholly unnecessary, especially in basting, or where the stitches will have to be ripped. If the stitches are too fine and tight, they will often give way or be pulled out, before the stitching is well yielded. Where there is much strain on a seam, close stitching is essential, but in basting, the use of old linen or fine cotton is a dress collar, as a protection from soiling the collar lining, it must be changed frequently, and a few loose stitches are needed. Mary J. Lincoln, in American Kitchen Magazine.

THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

How many weary, struggling souls are groping in darkness, groping for rest and light! They turn upon God for deliverance. They cry to God in storm and distress, as the wrecked mariner clings to the broken spar of his ship, so lonely orphan and the bereaved widow look to God for comfort and aid; so the man fighting bitter battles and adverse conditions find his hope in God. He prays to God would frustrate the schemes of his foes. One says: "The shadows of death compassed me and the pains of hell gat hold upon me. I found trouble and sorrow. When I called I upon the name of the Lord." Does deliverance come? Does the hand of love remain? He says: "I cried unto the Lord. He heard me and delivered me from all my fears." And the words of every such instance of deliverance, "I had fainted unless I believed that I should see the

salvation of the Lord in the land of the living." Telling such an experience to those who have "found trouble and affliction," how cheering and ever encouraging it has proved to them! This method is honoring to God and helpful to man. Such testimony is invaluable.

THE PICTURE OF A DRUNKARD.

As a great artist can, with a few lines, draw a portrait which shows us perfectly the character of the man, so the writer of this lesson has, with a few words, given us a living picture. And whoever sees it must want to turn away from the repulsive sight. In Sparta those who were training the youths gave them an object lesson on the effects of wine-drinking. The worst drunkard in his fit of delirium and debauch who could be found was led in before the young men, who were bidden to look at him if they wished to see what they would look like if they dared to tamper with the wine cup.

A gentleman looking at books in a department store was asked by the clerk if he was looking for anything in particular. He replied: "No, but if you have a copy of Josephus, I would like to look at it." The clerk said, "I don't know whether we have it or not, but if you will tell me the author's name I'll find out." When he asked for "Pepys's Diary," the clerk said, "You'll find them in the stationery department, sir; we don't keep diaries here."

Mr Pokus:—"There's the only woman in this town whose affairs ain't gossiped about at the Sewin' Circle meetin's." Mr. Citman—"How does she escape?" Mr. Pokus—"By good management—she allers gits there, ahead of any of the rest of 'em."

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THE ARCH DESTROYER.

"He is a mean, sneaking, under-handed element, the moth is," protests John Kendrick Bangs in an article on these household pests in the April *Woman's Home Companion*. "Fire has a decent sense of the proprieties. Moths have none at all. When fire attacks you it smokes, and crackles, and hisses, and roars, and lets you know in clarion tones that it has come. The moth steals upon you in the dead of night, and chews up your best trousers, gorges himself upon your wife's furs, tickles his palate with your swellest flannel golf-shirt, munches holes in your best sofa-cushions with his tusks, and then silently folds his tent and steals away without so much as a thank-you for his meal. For unmitigated meanness commend me to the moth! Alongside of the moth and his nefarious work even a book-agent pales into insignificance, and an unpaid grocer's bill becomes an absolute pleasure."

No man ever yet asked to be, as the days pass by, more and more noble and sweet and pure and heavenly-minded—no man ever yet prayed that the evil spirits of hatred and pride and passion and worldliness might be cast out of his soul—without his petition being granted, and granted to the letter.—[F. W. Farrar, D.D.]

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